

THE LIVING AGE.

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BABY'S SONG.

The very song the blackbird sung
 When Love and all the world were
 young
 My year-old baby sings.
 Sweeter than anything with wings.

A little song, with catch and trill
 Made of few notes and little skill,
 A song of dancing feet
 Of babes and birds and all things
 sweet.

The baby dances as he sings
 Sweeter than anything with wings,
 And sways his golden head—
 To the first song the blackbird made.
Katharine Tynan.

What outstretched love would meet
 them at the gate,
 And that the end of the long road of
 hate
 Was adoration when the goal was
 won?

Could you and I but of each other
 say,
 From what a lordly House we took our
 way,
 And to what Hostel of the Gods we
 wend,
 Oh, would we not anticipate the end?
 Oh, would we not have Paradise to-
 day?

A. E.

The Irish Review.

CHILDREN OF THE KING.

In summer time with high imaginings
 Of proud Crusaders and of Paynim
 kings,
 The children crowned themselves with
 famous names,
 And fought there, building up their
 merry games,
 Their mimic war, from old majestic
 things.

There was no bitter hate then in the
 fight
 For ancient law ruled victory and
 flight:
 And victory and defeat alike forgot,
 They slept together in the self-same cot
 With arms about each other through
 the night.

Ah, did the Red Branch on the battle-
 field
 See such a love, all magical, revealed
 Pausing in combat? Did they recog-
 nize
 Kinships with Tirnanoge in flashing
 eyes
 What lovely brotherhood the foe con-
 cealed?

And did they know when all fierce
 wars were done
 To what high home or dun their feet
 would run?

CONQUEST.

With such proud amble of thy feet
 And such high carriage of thy head,
 How now, old Sin! hast come again,
 To greet me when I deemed thee
 dead?
 I thought thee some forgotten friend,
 And took the proffered hand in mine,
 Revolving who thou wert, and then
 Recolled in dread—from thine.

Like gray-day peeps of azure sky,
 Or unexpected woodland flowers,
 Old unremembered moments come,
 To light the murk of weary hours.
 Unperished are forgotten joys,
 And undissolved forgotten tears,
 Fragments of universal life,
 That know not measured years.

And thou, accursed act of shame,
 No griefs destroy nor pardons kill,
 Must thou, like joys and tears, remain,
 And bold, unhouse'd, haunt me still?
 If this must hold—that what has been
 Can never truly cease to be,
 Then will I make that ancient sin
 A scourge for what I know in me.

Thou deed that I had fain undone,
 Be with me still, and never fade,
 Forged by the courage of my will,
 To a relentless blade.

A. Hugh Fisher.

The Nation.

DECADENCE AND CIVILIZATION.

There are no problems of greater interest than those which are involved in the study of the rise and fall of successive civilizations. Until now, the subject has been left for the most part in the hands of the historians, who have striven to extract a plausible explanation for the phenomena from an analysis of the social and economic conditions of the nations under discussion, or from a criticism of their foreign and internal policy and of their methods of government. The very fact that there is no general agreement between the principal authorities as to the causes of the successive disasters may well shake our faith in the correctness of any given solution.

But, since the rise and fall of nations is an indisputable fact, since we ourselves and all that our forefathers dreamed of and strove for may be and probably are involved in an identical process of growth and decay, it is impossible for a serious student of life to put the subject on one side. Moreover, in the light of modern biological knowledge we are compelled to regard the problem from another point of view and to ask ourselves whether the process has not its origin in some fundamental misadjustment of social conditions; whether civilization as it has been hitherto understood does not inevitably carry with it the seeds of its own decay.

It is an assured fact that many causes must contribute to any great social upheaval; and, in the compass of a short paper, only a brief and one-sided treatment of the subject is possible. But, for the ordinary person as well as for the man who is in possession of specialized knowledge, there are many advantages in a suggestive and challenging statement as opposed to an exhaustive and balanced study.

The particular aspect of the problem

that we propose to discuss here is one which will surely attract more attention as time goes on, for it will be seen to have bearing on almost every subject that arises in connection with the conduct of affairs in civilized communities. It is the question of the opposition of heredity and environment: the question—not how far the future of the human race may be moulded by the two forces of heredity and environment in so much as these two forces are complementary to each other, when their effects are often indistinguishable,—but how far and in what ways heredity and environment are opposed to each other in their actions, and when and where they work at the expense one of the other.

If we are able to show that, at any rate in certain stages of civilization, the two influences which mould humanity for better or worse are acting in opposition to each other, it will be important to realize what effect the recognition of such an antagonism between them must have on our current modes of life and thought and on our ideas of social responsibility.

Taking, then, the conception of the human race as it has existed throughout the ages, we will accept the probability of some increasing purpose moulding it progressively for ends not fully revealed to us, and we will assume that further progress is an essential part of the scheme, for we have no reason to suppose that we are any nearer to our goal than we are to our point of departure, whatever that may have been. Can we, looking back at the history of the human race, assign any definite functions in the upward course to the influence of environment and heredity respectively?

It seems that Nature—we will not define that term, we will all put what interpretation on it we choose—has

acted by the methods of heredity; that is, by the incessant elimination of the unfit, and by the increased chances given to healthy, able, and competent men and women to establish themselves and their offspring in a condition of security and so to obtain a predominant survival and reproduction. Man, the individual, has labored incessantly to improve his surroundings, to better his immediate social conditions, to secure, as far as he was able, a vantage-ground in which he could realize his gradually developing powers and from which he could move on to the next stage of his slow progress. The individual may not inherit the acquired characters of his predecessors, but the social organism as a whole certainly does profit by the labors and experiences of its forbears.

As long as, or whenever, man has been an unconscious, natural, freely breeding animal, Nature has provided a sure method of attaining her end, the survival of the fittest, and man has found himself endowed progressively with the necessary means of keeping pace with her movements and has been able to profit by every increase she has effected in his aptitudes and intelligence.

Yet we have much evidence that this slow onward movement has not been quite of the nature of an orderly march; that there have been cataclysms and social disasters on a large scale, that nations have disappeared and that civilizations of great achievement and greater promise have been wiped out incontinently. Let us ask ourselves if we can suggest any reason why the processes of Nature and the labors of man—why the constant and apparently united efforts of heredity and environment—have failed to accomplish their object, or what want of adjustment between them may have led to such disasters.

In the first place, we must recognize

an essential difference between the two methods we are contrasting. To put it briefly, it seems as though work done by heredity was work done once for all. The destruction of a tainted stock will leave a race eternally the better for its removal, the breeding out of a good strain causes an irreparable loss, whereas improvements due to environment alone require a constant expenditure of energy to maintain them in existence. The one may be compared to an actual gain of capital as far as the human race is concerned, the other involves a constant expenditure of income, perfectly justified as long as the increase in capital is maintained.

To take an example:—we, with our Western civilization, believe it to be desirable that all men should learn to read and write. To teach each succeeding generation to read and write will represent a certain, constant outlay of human energy. To accomplish our object, a definite proportion of human time and thought must be earmarked in each succeeding generation for that sole object. We have decided, rightly or wrongly, that our civilization requires in perpetuity this definite item of expenditure.

Now let us consider how we might deal with this problem by the two methods of heredity and environment. Let us imagine it possible for two or three generations to pick out and breed exclusively from children of the type who by the time they were six or seven years old "taught themselves to read," as the saying goes. Like breeds like; we should soon have established a class of persons on whom the annual expenditure of teaching to read would be at a minimum; a state of affairs which would correspond to a definite increase of capital. Now let us try to imagine what expenditure would be required to teach all members of our population as at present constituted to

read fluently by the time they had attained the age of seven. To anyone acquainted with our elementary schools, or indeed with the usual type of healthily resistant child, the mind reels before the immensity of the task. One feels almost tempted to doubt whether the whole energies of the nation, directed to no other object, could accomplish the Herculean task. The expenditure of energy involved would bankrupt our section of the human race.

Looking at our problem in this light, we see that there must be some relation between the average innate capacity of the nation and the effect likely to be produced by the expenditure of a given amount of energy towards improving the environment, whether educational or otherwise. If a race falls back in its inborn qualities, if, owing to the efforts of philanthropists and the burdens of unsound taxation, more of the failures of civilization reach maturity and parenthood, and fewer competent persons are brought into existence to support them, not only has the nation less energy to use for the maintenance and improvement of its social conditions, but such energy as is available will produce a correspondingly smaller effect. The old standard can only be maintained, if at all, by a policy of overspending leading to bankruptcy. We have, in fact, conditions in which retrogression will set in and the environment will follow the heredity downhill.

The sociologist of the future, of three or four hundred years hence, may be very much struck by a coincidence in the social development of our country at present unnoticed.

The years 1870 and 1871 were remarkable for the assumption on the part of the community of the responsibility for the literary training—and ultimately, as it has proved, for the partial maintenance—of the children of

the poorer, less competent, possibly less fortunate, sections of the nation. The year 1875 marks the beginning of the decline of the birth-rate among all the able, more intellectual, and more prosperous classes, on whom the chief burden, financial and administrative, of this environmental improvement fell. The decline has now reached a point at which it becomes clear that at least one-half of the children, who would prove the most effective and most valuable citizens and the best worth educating, are annually withheld from us.

What, our future sociologist may reasonably ask, are we to make of the state of mind of a nation which thought and talked so much about the advantages of a special sort of educational environment for all children, whether suited for it or not, and refused to provide an adequate number of children, of the type most fitted to profit by the expensive and elaborate system that they had established?

Let us direct our attention to another problem. Alcoholism, the desire to drink, the ease with which a man or woman succumbs to the temptation to drink and drug, is probably in most cases a definitely heritable weakness.

Now, what is the meaning of the curious fact that the nations round the Mediterranean Sea are among the most sober of mankind, that a drunken person is a rare object in their midst, and yet that there is abundance of evidence from their early records to show that drunkenness was once a besetting sin among them, Egyptians, Greeks, Jews, Romans alike, a sin railed at by their philosophers and comedians, lamented by their social reformers. What has altered their innate character? Neither prohibition nor any unending temperance crusade. Is it possible to follow Dr. Archdall Reid and consider as the cause of the improvement the fact that abundance of wine throughout long ages has enabled the

victims of the drink craze most frequently to eliminate themselves before the period of reproduction? The drunkard has died without issue, or more probably, with but few children, who, in their turn, if they inherited their parents' falling, have seldom survived to reach maturity. Thus the nations in question have been purified of their taint, have become progressively more sober, freer from the alcohol craving, and we now marvel at their temperance amid the vineyards.

So in England, for the last three or four hundred years, the upper classes have been able to procure abundance of alcohol in palatable forms. When we read the annals of the eighteenth century, we often have occasion to realize how they drank themselves gradually sober. To a large degree the drink craving is extinct among the upper classes. We have purchased immunity at a price that can often be calculated out of truthful family records. As a higher moral or conventional standard arose with regard to drunkenness, largely owing to the gradual elimination of these afflicted persons, such people as were left who possessed the drink craving sank to a lower social status. One still sees the sorting process at work. And behold, the upper classes are now relatively sober, probably owing to no merit of their own.

But large sections of our people have not yet had alcohol sufficiently long and freely to be sure of themselves. If one member, through marked ability, rises to a position securing to him and his family among other blessings the benefits of unlimited alcohol, his offspring not infrequently remind us that the taint still lives in the class from whence he came, and is not to be extinguished merely by a rise in the social scale.

A savage nation, on whom alcohol is suddenly thrust, shows us the horrible

spectacle of a people collectively drinking themselves sober in a single generation. All classes succumb to the drink fiend. There has been no previous gradual exorcism.

In this light, a nation of mixed ancestry—as far as the drink craving was concerned,—where strict prohibition was enforced for many generations, would possibly have to be considered as a nation of potential drunkards. Its members, after a few generations of breeding from unproved stock, could never leave its temperate shores in any confidence of a return in a state of sobriety. Moreover, they would be compelled for ever to maintain an expensive army of vigilant custom officials and to breed or import a regiment of incorruptible excise men. And even then, after centuries of prohibition, a wave of alcoholic desire might arise into consciousness in their midst, reverse the legislation, and destroy the people.

Then the suppression of alcohol alone will not solve the problem, even temporarily. We must bear in mind also the long list of drugs over which it is scarcely possible to exercise effective control, which alternate with the craving for alcohol in the desires of the unhappy people who suffer from this racial weakness. The facts that in homes and institutions where alcoholism and the drug habit are treated, over fifty per cent. of the patients are feeble-minded or mentally unbalanced—two definitely heritable weaknesses,—and that most of the women have had unusually large families, throw great light on the nature and extent of the ill with which we have to contend.

Here again we get some conception of an adjustment between the amount of alcoholic taint latent in the stock and what we might call the "natural" degree of temperance to be expected from it. Merely to exact a higher standard in the present, unless we are

also prepared to consider and pay for some rigid scheme for the segregation and permanent detention of our afflicted citizens, may easily result in diminishing the prospects of temperance for future generations.

It is very striking, after one has studied a great many pedigrees of unhealthy, weak-minded, and neurotic stock, to realize how often alcoholism in the men seems to correspond with a tendency to tubercular disease in the women, and how both are interchangeable with a low or unstable type of mental character. One gets a very strong impression that, in a certain sense, these things are symptoms rather than diseases, and that it is to the stock which produces them rather than to the individual who suffers from them that we should turn our attention.

Thus we see that the question of drawing up a profit and loss account of our efforts in this direction would not be such a simple matter as many of us would like to believe. Merely to stop drinking and drunkenness is of no avail as the permanent solution, any more than giving coppers to beggars in the street will solve the vagrant question, although it may get that particular beggar out of sight for the evening.

And it might be instructive also to consider the workings of other racial taints, such as the tendency to tubercular disease, in a similar way. There is no doubt that immunity has been secured in the past largely by the continuous removal of the most susceptible subjects before the period of parenthood and child-bearing; and although immunity to disease is not the highest attribute of the human race, it seems clear that it will always play an essential part in the progress of mankind. The recent outbreak of measles in England and Western Europe, and of plague in the East, shows that a period

of comparative freedom from these diseases in no way indicates any gain of immunity, that the lull produces an increased liability to a severe form of attack, just as the Red Indians and Pacific Islanders, to whom our diseases were previously unknown, died by hundreds of thousands when they were first subjected to the infection. Therefore, unless their results be closely watched, it is conceivable that a wilderness of sanatoria may serve as easily to increase tubercular disease in the future as to diminish it in the present. There is no certainty that it will solve the problem, and it may intensify it for our descendants.

Education, temperance, and hygiene are three of the movements on which the social reformers of the last two or three generations have spent their most fervent efforts. Let us now consider another movement, which is greatly in evidence among us, from a point of view that is not usually broached in discussing the matter. We refer to the endeavor to use women industrially, socially, and politically on the same footing as men, all such uses being, obviously, primarily environmental, although some of their indirect effects are of sinister import from the point of view of the race.

There can be no doubt that woman's essential function on this globe is motherhood. Statistics show that, allowing for those who will not grow up, those who will not marry, and those who, though married, will have no children, four children to every fertile marriage is the very least that will maintain the numbers of the race unaltered, while, if the race is to improve, considerably more must be born and reared in the abler families. It is therefore essential to the race that the ablest, healthiest, and finest women should be encouraged, tempted, compelled if necessary, by circumstances to devote themselves to family life by becoming wives

and mothers, and it is doubtful how far it is expedient to draw them off, even for a time, to other occupations.

We are inclined to classify, as we have done elsewhere, women and men as respectively the capital and income of the State. Now, no sound economic enterprise can afford to allow its capital either to lie idle or to be spent at will.

Tacitly the national system of economy, by the scale of payment of their services, has always insisted on a vital difference between men and women. A man's wages are calculated to represent not only his own keep, but also a sum sufficient to maintain a wife and family. A woman's wages represent her keep only, or sometimes merely pocket-money, while she lives under her parents' roof. This means that it is recognized that a man has and can perform adequately two duties to the State. He can do his day's work and be the father of a family. A woman can only perform one, either earn her living or give birth to and bring up an adequate number of children, in which case her payment is included in the father's wage.

As soon as the married woman becomes a wage-earner, the birth-rate drops disastrously, or the infant mortality runs up. If we raise the wages, the unmarried or childless woman will always have the advantage of additional comfort or luxury, which will probably have the ill effect of disinclining her towards the more arduous, more responsible, more exacting duties of marriage and child-bearing.

Apparently, for a time, we can shift a great part of the burdens of the country on to women, who can undersell their husbands and brothers; we probably effect thereby a distinct temporary improvement of environment in our own generation, for a woman of better education and character can always be secured at a lower rate of pay; but

we are devouring our one essential form of life capital, female humanity, and the process must end in disaster.

It should be remembered also that whenever by the employment of a woman we displace a man—never mind that he be a less competent one,—he is thereby less able to maintain a wife and family, and thus some other woman is thrown out of her normal employment. Good heritable aptitudes are probably destroyed in more directions than one.

There is evidence that every improvement in environment—be it in education, hygiene, local government, or where you please—effected by the employment of women is, if it is to be maintained, not only a charge in perpetuity on the income of the human race, but is almost certainly a direct inroad on its capital.

It would be very desirable to have figures concerning the marriage-rate and subsequent birth-rate among the multitude of competent women who work among us as teachers, nurses, factory inspectors, clerks, and the thousand posts created during the last fifty years, where we take their offices as a matter of course and call out constantly for an increase of their number. We do not, be it remembered, absorb the feeble-minded and incompetent into these race-destroying occupations. We leave them to propagate their species at will, providing maternity wards and skilled attendance for the purpose. Among the women at the older Universities in England, the record is profoundly unsatisfactory, and American sociologists are alarmed at a similar survey in their own country. There is a marriage-rate of less than 25 per cent. and a birth-rate that is most disquieting, when we consider the intellectual capacity and high moral tone of the women affected thereby. In many of the employments open to women, we know that at forty or fifty

years of age women are considered to be too old to continue in their work. What are they to do then? Well, Nature at any rate is not of opinion that twenty-five years' exclusive service in the cause of environment fits a woman to take up the far more essential claims of heredity, though twenty-five years in the service of heredity is not a bad training for a would-be worker at environment. It is not a mere coincidence that the women whose names are best known and most distinguished for social, artistic, or literary services were for the most part unmarried or childless, so that the special gifts which brought them fame died with them.

There is an historic aspect to the question which is too little known and too often neglected. We know both in Athens and Rome, at the close of their period of splendor, that the dearth of children in the patrician and upper classes, and others as they successively came to the front to fill the empty places, was regarded with alarm by the statesmen of the day, and that the constantly increasing tendency for the best women to interest themselves outside the home was seen as a source of national danger. Law after law was passed to compel men of good family to marry early, to give special advantages to parents of three or more children, to induce patrician women to bear children; but how to restore the environment of seclusion, security, and comfort—possibly of privilege—in which the elements recognized to be of the greatest value to the State could be persuaded to breed freely, was probably as much outside the intention of the Roman democratic legislator as it was beyond his power. The long centuries of barbarism and the squalor and turmoil of the Dark Ages were the price to be paid for the failure to solve the problem.

There are incidents in the history of

Sparta which are most interesting in this connection. Sparta was a primitively organized State, of matriarchal form, as regards the descent of property, and consequently it was not difficult for the women to get a considerable share of control. Moreover, the constant absence of large bodies of fighting men in the prime of life left the government of the State largely in the ineffective hands of old men and boys. So at a certain period of their history the women appear to have demanded and secured the right to take part in the public meals, which was equivalent to a participation on equal terms in the political life of the country. As we might expect, they seem to have been thoroughly efficient, and the experiment succeeded admirably, with the exception of the fact that in two generations the Spartan nation had ceased to exist, for a plague of empty cradles had fallen upon it. A hundred years of better government, brought about by the use of the women for political affairs, may have cost the nation its very existence.

Venice also has her tale to tell: "At the end of the seventeenth century, new rivals and new trade routes took away much of her trade, and her protective tariffs drove a good part of what remained to the open ports of Genoa, Ancona, Livorno, and Trieste. Venice itself was still a centre of luxury and display, and strangers flocked to share in its gaieties, sure of excellent police and admirable sanitation" (we are quoting from the pages of the *Cambridge Modern History*), "but during the eighteenth century, limitation of families, strict entail, and the custom of younger sons" (presumably daughters also, in corresponding numbers) "taking Orders, so diminished the nobility that the members of the Grand Council decreased from fourteen hundred to seven hundred. All through the century the physical weakness and

the political and moral decadence of Venice continued; yet the changes which accompanied her decay were so gradual that they can only be estimated by their ultimate results."

We have dwelt particularly on the histories of these two small states—Venice and Sparta—because it is easier to see the effect of certain actions when they are working on a reduced scale. A small trading concern, for instance, that takes to bad ways comes to grief and points its moral sooner than a big business that has a large capital and credit to draw upon. In some way or other, both Sparta and Venice overspent themselves disastrously, and there is much evidence to show that they did it by endeavoring in various ways to improve or maintain their environment at the expense of their heredity. They forgot that it is the inborn qualities of the citizens rather than their material welfare that constitute the true wealth of nations.

There are some figures in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, given by the editor in his summary, which are worth consideration. He believes that, except perhaps for the nineteenth century, the level of ability required to secure admission to its pages has remained fairly constant, though it seems probable that the increasing amount of documentary evidence in existence as the centuries come near to present days would naturally tend to a slight progressive lowering of the standard of admission as time went on. There are 186 entries for the eleventh century, 377 for the twelfth, 515 for the thirteenth, 678 for the fourteenth, and then a drop to 639 for the fifteenth, in spite of the fact that the population remained fairly constant throughout these and the two succeeding centuries.

Where shall we look for a reason for this phenomenon, this arrest of the appearance of ability among us? There

was a great humanizing movement on foot in the thirteenth century, a marvellous record of endeavor to mitigate suffering and to equalize social advantage. It took the form of the coming and establishment of the friars in our midst, Blackfriars, Whitefriars, Grayfriars, names familiar in the topography of every town existing from those days. All the best of the nation flocked to join the celibate ranks of St. Francis and his imitators. The *Dictionary* gives us one view of the result of their labors, in this drop in the number of men of ability living in the succeeding century; and who shall say what consequences, political, social, religious, followed in the trail!

Let us continue with the figures from the *Dictionary*. The movement exhausted itself. The friars and the monastic orders fell into disrepute, and Henry VIII. completed the destruction of the celibate orders. The sixteenth century leaps up to 2138 entries, the seventeenth again rises to 5674, while the eighteenth, in spite of the increase of population, which was beginning to make itself felt, has only 5788, just a hundred more instead of twice five thousand, as we might have expected. We are tempted to account for this check by the premature destruction of great and good men during our Civil War, a war quite remarkable for the admirable purpose and high character of the persons who engaged therein, and also by the constant departure of emigrants of good ability and inheritance from our shores to America, and by the dislocation of family life in general throughout those troublous times.

It is well to remember that in England we have one special point in common with the great empires, such as Rome and Spain, that have passed away. There is a constant drain of men, especially of men of high spirit, good character, and administrative

ability, to our tropical dependencies whose business it is to improve the environment and maintain the blessings of British rule in foreign parts. This drain has been going on for over a century, and the openings afforded have always supplied an attractive career to the younger sons of good families—a class which to-day is unfortunately almost extinct among us. Tropical dependencies are notoriously unhealthy, and white life there is often cut off prematurely. There are many difficulties in the way of taking out a wife and rearing a family. In other colonies the presence of a large, semi-barbaric native population or the existence of conditions of great hardship and labor causes parents to deem that the environment is unsuited to their carefully nurtured daughters. Hence we lose, year by year, to our Colonies and dependencies, as Rome and Spain did before us, an appreciable fraction of our most valuable young men; hence we are left, year by year, with an increasing number of superfluous women, who, bereft of their natural occupation, have become almost "a danger and a menace, a wandering fire, a disappointed force." And then, as if to emphasize the fact that one cannot with impunity sacrifice heredity to environment, we are presented with the direct outcome of our scruples in the large half-caste populations of certain of our dependencies, a problem that will tax our ingenuity to the utmost. It is probable that the demand for the equalization of the political, social, and industrial status of men and women in England, and the difficulties of the English with the half-caste populations in the various parts of our empire, owe their origin to one and the same cause.

It matters nothing in the long run, when the men of a great nation go forth to govern or to settle in strange lands, unaccompanied by their women folk, whether, as in Spain, the women

stay behind and go into convents, or whether, as in England, they remain at home and go on to County Councils—the result, as far as the race is concerned, is precisely the same in both cases.

Throughout the history of the nations, the demand for the equalization of the status of men and women seems to come invariably from the classes—usually the more intellectual classes—when and where, for various economic, religious, and social causes into which we cannot go, the marriage-rate and birth-rate have become abnormally and dangerously low.

It is extremely interesting to study this influence at work among the women who are now prominent in political agitation and social and philanthropic enterprise. Many of these women are unmarried, and very few appear to have the normal family of four children and upwards. This fact alone throws great light on the psychology—perhaps it would be more correct to say the morbid psychology—of the whole movement.

There is probably no way in which the capital of the human race is more directly attacked and eaten into than by the habitual employment of women in the task of improving environment without regard to the more direct and pressing claims of heredity.

There is one fact that is constantly put forward as a complete justification for all our efforts to improve environment during the last hundred years, and that is, that although many of the beneficent effects are so masked as to make it difficult to put the finger of the unbeliever on the exact spot, *one* certainly is capable of absolute proof. There is no doubt that the average length of human life has been greatly increased and the death-rate among us is in a fair way to be reduced to its lower limit.

That is a fact we cannot gainsay. In

London, up to a hundred years ago, there was probably a death-rate of 80 per thousand, while the country districts met a birth-rate of about 40 per thousand with a death-rate of very little less. A couple of hundred years ago a man of fifty was an old man, whose sons and daughters would not long be kept out of their inheritance, and need not, in the leisured classes, where the paternal inheritance is an important fact, defer their marriages till half a lifetime had slipped away.

"We dare not hope much from an old man," wrote the physicians of the Commonwealth when Admiral Blake, aged fifty-three, was brought in wounded after the three days' engagement with the Dutch.

And life prolonged for all means life greatly improved for others and made tolerable for yet a lower stratum of the population.

It also means—we must never forget it—life made possible for a class of people of weak character and shifting purpose, of whose effect on society many of us take no account; and it means—in our present irresponsible and ignorant social organization—the possibility of life for a whole herd of organisms diseased in body and mind, whom it is an outrage on the human race to have called into existence.

But, forgetting the dark side of our picture and looking only at the prolongation, at the improvement, let us ask ourselves if we can tell at all on what fund we are drawing to pay the bill for this great advance, this undoubted improvement in environment. Taking money values, there is no doubt that the twelve millions sterling required annually for the Old Age Pensions is a small instalment of the payment—very valuable as an example of direct cause and effect. The next question, of course, is from where the money comes. It would be interesting to know how much of the money required

for the purpose has been saved partly by the suppression of the children who should have been there to bear the burden; or, should the cost and personal exertion of supporting and tending our aged, our incapable, our incompetent population increase, how many more children will be suppressed among the thrifty and far-seeing in order to meet this and other additional burdens.

The fact that the number of old persons among us is constantly increasing and that the relative number of the young is falling off, that the multitude of the feeble-minded, the alcoholic, the incompetent is growing, while the healthy, the strong, the able are limiting their families, means that the nation is growing distinctly older and more infirm on the average than it used to be, and it seems that this effect is what people are striving to express when they attribute the fall of empires to the fact that they grow old and decay. There is no reason why, given a normal birth-rate and death-rate and the working of selection on a naturally breeding population, there should ever be any racial "*growing old*"; but it is the obvious consequence when a form of civilization is established which produces increase of years in all classes with decrease of birth-rate among the able and thrifty, thus adding to its other misdeeds the reversal of natural selection. Such a state of society is essentially unstable, and carries in its midst the seeds of its own decay.

When we come to the point of determining whether that prolongation of life for which we have made such efforts and on which we pride ourselves so greatly, whether in the most favorable circumstances it is an advantage, a thing to be sought after, we are not likely nowadays to hear many doubts expressed on the subject. Yet a few centuries ago in England, and at the present time in other countries and un-

der other religions, the consensus of opinion would be by no means necessarily in favor of the proposition. Many religions have maintained the contrary opinion. It comes to this in the end, that what a man does, and how he acts depend on what he believes.

If we feel a strong probability that this life is everything, an end in itself, by all means let us prolong life, let us eat, drink, and be merry, improve our environment, and invite as many persons as possible to the feast. Life, the be-all and end-all of everything, cannot be made too pleasant for everyone. If we believe that this life is an episode, a preparation, a testing-ground, a trial of strength, and that there is something beyond, waiting to compass its ends for the arrival of a higher humanity than any that has yet occupied this globe, then the future prospects of the human race, the increasing innate worthiness of the citizens of this world and the next, become the urgent consideration.

If now, bearing in mind the influences at work among us which we have discussed in the earlier part of this paper, we look around on our civilization, remembering the fate of the nations that have gone before us, the prospect cannot be anything but profoundly disquieting. On many sides we see signs of the rocks on which other great empires have made shipwreck. There is evidence that the two forces which mould our humanity, heredity, and environment, Nature and Man, are working, here and now, almost directly in opposition to each other. Now—we need make no mistake about it—it is only a question of time for Nature, somehow and somewhere, to get the upper hand and resume her progress, so that all labor undertaken in opposition to her courses is vain.

Let us sum up our position. In the first place, we are spending vast and

increasing amounts of money and energy on a type of education which is possibly only fitted to a small section of the population, and of which a certain effect is to withdraw from motherhood and family life a number of competent women. *Ipsa facto*, we entrust the bringing up of the next generation, not to the parents, but, once more, largely to a type of cellbate teachers who have neither the accumulated wisdom, the ripe tradition, nor the religious purpose of the mediaeval teaching orders they replace. The spinster influence, divorced from the fuller knowledge, the deeper experience that comes from direct contact with the great mysteries and emotions of life, is a new and disquieting feature of Western civilization, apparently inseparable from our current ideals of educational efficiency.

Much of the work undertaken in the cause of temperance and hygiene falls under the same grave suspicion. It is not that too much effort has been spent in grappling with these problems. That is impossible. The danger lies in the fact that too little knowledge has been applied to their study in all its bearings. The average philanthropist is a man of heart, not of head. It is much easier for him, as for most men, to act on impulse than to make a reasoned forecast of the probable results of his actions. The very good qualities of the social reformer—the sympathy with suffering, the hatred of injustice, the intolerance of oppression—make it difficult for him to restrain himself from action, to acknowledge his impotence to deal swiftly with an evil without increasing its future proportions, to admit reluctantly that it is right and necessary that one generation should suffer for the sins of its forefathers, and to acknowledge in all humility that the most we can hope to do in many cases is to improve the lot of some generation to come by govern-

ing our impulse to take action, exercising restraint on ourselves and others, or compelling against his will some heedless, hapless creature, whose only fault lies in being the child of his parents.

In the second place, the whole of the movement for the equalization of the political and social status of men and women is a sign of ill-omen, an oft-told story, arising at certain critical periods in the history of civilized nations, intimately connected with definite economic and environmental changes, and apparently—for reasons that are clear to those who study society from the biological standpoint—necessarily associated with an arrest of national development and the incipient stages of decadence and decay.

That the symptoms we deplore are not imaginary but are actually visible in our midst may be plainly seen from a consideration of the reports of the Poor Law Commissioners, the Commissioners for the Care and Control of the Feeble Minded, the Commissioners in Lunacy, and the annual Judicial Statistics. Clearly there is something radically wrong with a civilization and with a method of government when, in spite of improved economic conditions, in spite of (it may be on account of) enormous sums spent each year on primary education and public health, there is no diminution of pauperism, and there is a constant and sustained increase of crime, of lunacy, and of mental defect.

The sense of social responsibility, the growth of moral consciousness, have come to life and have reached a certain point amongst us—a point that the student of sociology may well call a danger point. If, accepting the burden of moulding the destinies of the race, we relieve Nature of her office of discrimination between the fit and the unfit, if we undertake the protection of the weaker members of the community, if

we assume a corporate responsibility for the existence of all sorts and conditions of men, then, unless we are prepared to cast away the labors of our forefathers and to vanish with the empires of the past, we must accept the office of deciding who are the fittest to prosper and to leave offspring, who are the persons whose moral and intellectual worth make it right that they and their descendants should be placed in a position of pre-eminence in our midst, and which are the families on whose upbringing the time and money of society are best bestowed. We must acquiesce in the principle that the man who has made his five talents into ten shall profit by the skill and energy he has shown, and that the man who has repeatedly failed to use his one talent shall have no further chance of wasting the corporate resources on himself and his belongings.

Stated in this way, the line of action foreshadowed as being necessary to reverse the process of decay is so contrary to present tendencies and to the egalitarian trend of contemporary thought that we may reasonably despair of its adoption in a society developed and brought up in the present environment. The sense of responsibility has gone as far as other intentions of similar well-meaning but ill-directed purpose to pave the path to national destruction. It has not risen to the heights of self-knowledge, self-control, and self-sacrifice necessary to lead the social organism onwards and upwards.

The problems of the reconciliation of civilization with biological progress, of high moral intent with unfaltering purpose, of the rightful and necessary pre-eminence of the fit, and the wise and sympathetic treatment of the unfit, still remain to be solved, and none of us can say how many thousand years must pass away before a nation arises which can adjust its religious teaching

and its social environment to the unceasing purpose of the ages.

Oligarchies and tyrannies without number have disappeared in the history of the world because of a failure to recognize the claims of all capable members to some share in the expression of the national consciousness. It may be that a long series of democracies and constitutional monarchies will follow them into oblivion before a true

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aristocracy arises wise enough to exercise discrimination with discernment, strong enough to temper mercy with justice, sufficiently self-sacrificing to recollect that the rights of its descendants to a goodly heritage of physical, mental, and moral health are greater than the claims of any existing population to subsistence, to ease, or to license.

W. C. D. and C. D. Whetham.

Cambridge.

AN IRISH DEER FOREST.

There are two deer forests in the south of Ireland famous for the weight of their stags and for the bags of woodcock yearly given up by their great larch woods. In the extreme northwest of the island there is a third, not so well known. This latter forest is divided into two fairly equal portions by a long glen. On its north side the hills rise quickly; in places they rise in sheer precipices, on the face of which neither man nor deer can pass. The opposite side of the glen is covered by thick primeval-looking woods, chiefly oak, mixed with a great many hollies and a fair sprinkling of yew and juniper. How plentifully the hollies grow here cannot be seen till the leaf has fallen; then their deep greens show everywhere among the dull browns and grays and purples of the hard wood. These woods stand on a chaos of huge boulders densely carpeted with moss, and are most difficult and trying to travel through; but there is little reason for ever going into them, and their recesses are, and probably always have been, almost unexplored. Where they open out towards the west birch takes the place of the oaks, and then come stretches of the rankest and longest heather I have ever seen; we found some bits nine feet long, measured without any root.

A Scotch stalker would not at first be conscious of much difference in his surroundings among these Irish hills: they are seemingly just those he would associate with the ground on which he was accustomed to work in the North. But there are differences, and one is sure to be brought very speedily and very prominently before the traveller—or behind him—if the nails in his shoes are not both large and new. The peat is often quite destitute of grit, and in wet weather becomes exceedingly greasy and slippery and difficult to walk on: a pony cannot be taken on the hills, and in most cases could hardly travel "empty," much less with a twenty stone stag on his back. Then the flora is different; the *Osmunda* grows luxuriantly by the rivers and lonely lakes, and saxifrages, which I have never met before in a wild state, cover great masses of rock face. As a contrast to the royal fern, its tiny "filmy" brother creeps over mossy stones in the shady woods. Golden eagles—two only, and I fear both of the same sex—take their toll of the stout mountain hares; wild swans, both whooper and Bewick, haunt the lakes in the winter; great flocks of exceedingly wary geese tear up the withered grass on the flats; falcons and ravens are plentiful, and so are otters,

and there are many badgers. Tradition relates that in far-off days, when deer were plentiful, they were driven over ground on which pits had been dug; these were covered over with branches and turf, and strong sharply pointed stakes were firmly set in them, to impale any beast which fell through. The late head-stalker, who now looks after matters in the second largest forest in Scotland, showed me several stakes which he had found in a moss far up on the hill: they were long, heavy, pointed instruments, well preserved by the peat, and he was convinced that they had been set where he found them by ancient hunters. In due time they attracted the attention of maids searching for something for their fires, and I fear they went the way of Carlyle's first M.S. of the "French Revolution" and some of Sir Isaac Newton's calculations.

In none of the forests of Scotland is it possible, if you are high up, to get altogether out of the sight of civilization—cultivated land. From the midmost point of Ross-shire a good glass will show clearly the red sails of fishing-smacks creeping north to Skye while turning round, you may see a fleet of great battleships making for the Cromarty Frith under a dense pall of smoke. So it is in the Alps: the Black Forest seems close to on the one side, the plains of Italy on the other; it looks as if an old-time giant could have jumped from the Schreckhorn or the Matterhorn into a crocus-spangled meadow. But, if high ridges and peaks are avoided, you may wander for days in the North, through lonely flats and long winding glens, and never come across a human being, hardly cross a road. There is a certain charm in sharp contrasts: Carlyle's famous passage in his account of the attack on the Hôtel de Ville sometimes came into my mind when spying on an autumn day a wild tract of desolate hills.

Nothing is here but great brown flats and sharp or rounded peaks and endless gray masses of stone and black tarns; there are no sheep, no houses of any kind; unless you look carefully you will hardly see deer. The glass creeps up in its search, and then—perhaps many miles away—you pass the well-defined ridge of purple-brown, and far beyond it see "reapers in peaceful woody fields," and cottages in which you may be quite sure old women are spinning. Like Louis Stevenson, in his description of a commonplace Edinburgh street, you turn a corner "and see ships tacking for the Baltic." The glass in a good light brings these things so close to you that you have to look with plain eyes for a moment to realize how far away the sunny patches of cornfield and little clumps of trees are.

This forest is fenced; and it is one of the objects of this paper to show both the advantages and the drawbacks which are attached to ground protected in such a way. In the first place, without fencing there could here be no forest: it would obviously be impossible in these days to create a great dwelling-place for deer, establish a "haunt" for them, as a fowler would say, if the first comers were liable to be shot at on the winter journeys they would be sure to pay to the cropped land down below. There are not many districts where even a fenced forest could be formed on a large scale—a forest as distinct from a park. The ground must be suitable both in its feeding properties and its altitude; then it must be a compact lump; there must be no roads through it, and there should be a considerable acreage of wood. Within the twenty-one or twenty-two thousand acres of the Irish forest I had the privilege of renting for two years, all these advantages are to be found. I have been stalking regularly for over thirty years, and I venture now, as impartially as possible, to

sum up my experiences. A host of men could speak with greater weight on one side of the question, but there are not many who have had much practical knowledge of the other—there cannot be, for there is no enclosed forest in the kingdom so large, or a quarter so large, as this Irish one.

To some men—and they perhaps with great knowledge of deer—a fenced forest will convey an idea of "easiness," the certainty on any reasonable day of one or more stalks. That has not been my experience, and I often wished during the autumn of last year that such confident people had been with me and had shared my lot. It would sometimes have been a consolation to a tired man, stopped in his work at dusk perhaps six or seven rough pathless miles from home, to have had such a companion with him. The latter would have recognized then, if never before, that blank days and disappointments are not confined to open country. During seventeen days of the last season I fired only two cartridges; and they were days of good honest hard work, not easy walks or casual afternoons. Off at nine, I was seldom in before eight, sometimes later; and often I had no stalk at all. I do not mean to say that I could not have killed deer on these long tramps; but I had to keep up an average, and this varies naturally according to the ground. In a small forest I have been well contented when ten or fifteen stags weighed anything over fourteen stone; here our average ran up to 18 st. 9 lb. and 18 st. 5 lb. for twenty-eight and thirty-five stags, weighed, as is the custom in most parts of Scotland, with heart and liver only. (I have never been able to understand why these two portions should be left out. A stag's heart is surely as good as a bullock's, and no part of him is more delicate than the liver when he is shot in good time.)

The advantage of unenclosed ground

is quite obvious. You never know when you go out what you may see—what the wind of the night or of the past week may have brought you. This is the chief benefit enjoyed by Scotch stalkers, and it is a great one; but I hope to show that surprises and uncertainties are not confined to that open country. I do not think that stalking in a fenced forest would be a good school for a beginner—whether gentle or simple: he might grow up less patient, less observant, and be apt to try experiments which he would hardly attempt in Scotland unless his marches were exceedingly wide. Not that the stalking is easier: I am sure that here, at any rate, it is more difficult. We may brush aside at once and altogether the idea that a fence is a help; even if it was arranged in some such way as the netting in a decoy, I doubt if it would long further the object of its unprincipled maker. Deer soon learn their ground, and it would be very difficult to push them into a *cul-de-sac*. In my experience, the ten-wire obstacle has never been of the smallest help, either in getting a shot or in following a wounded stag; and in this particular forest you might be out day after day and never know you had such a surrounding. The excellence of the grazing also added to the difficulties of getting at deer: they picked up their food quickly, and had more time to spend lying down chewing the cud and watching; they did not go so much together, in such large herds, but spread themselves over wide spaces of the hill, and they were more difficult to deceive when they had once become suspicious. Some of the good stags kept out of our way in an extraordinary manner. There were one or two rifles out on most of the days between August 22 and October 8. The ground covers some thirty-four or thirty-five square miles, and some of it is very wild and difficult to spy; but even so, one would

think that few deer of outstanding merits would, during this long period, be altogether overlooked. This was not, however, the case; a good royal which Macdonald, the most capable and accurate of head-stalkers, came across in July was never seen again, and in the last week of the season we daily saw deer which had hitherto kept out of our sight. Just before we finished I had a strange experience which showed how cunning some of them were and how very capable of looking after themselves.

On October 6 a friend, having an idle day, spent it lying on the hill, carefully spying. He reported at night that he had seen a big stag with a very fine head—better than any we had yet come across—and I went out the next day to look for this stranger. The light, especially towards the west, was very bad: a curious purple bloom clung to the hills; and a thousand deer might have been packed in a corrie within a couple of miles, and not one of them would have been visible. We could make out nothing of the big deer, and, coming across two decent ordinary stags, debated whether it would not be wise to make an attempt on one of them; if we had, I should have lost one of the prizes of my sporting life. Then, just at the crisis of the judgment, the sharp eye of a lady was caught by something on a skyline; and when careful examination of it had been made, we cheerfully abandoned all idea of the first-seen beasts.

Here was our stag; by one o'clock we made the first attempt on him. The stalk *looked* as if it would be a simple one; but when I was probably within a few minutes of getting the shot a young stag jumped out of a hole and bolted full in his sight, and he and his hinds made a long passage to the south and disappeared, and we were as far off success as ever. It was some time before we were able to pick up the

stag again, now as far below us as he had been before above. He was by himself in a little hollow; he stood there like a carven statue watching: for twenty minutes not a limb moved—only now and then a horn. Here again the little hill parliament engaged in eager debate: should we try him where he was, or would it be better to "move" him and trust to being able to manœuvre safely up above? Moving deer, unless there is a well-known pass, is risky work, and yet to get at him where he was would be a difficult business; there was another stag lying down within a few hundred yards of him, and the stalk at the one might be impossible without disturbing the other. Much we debated: but the day was getting on, and finally we made a quick descent over the rough hillside—a long *détour* to be sure of the wind—and then the lady and the gillies got into a sheltered corner and Alistair Macdonald, the second stalker, and I went on. We got near the hollow, but success was as far from us as ever. Knoll after knoll from which to shoot was gained in vain; I could make out nothing of the stag. With utmost caution we crawled to several other possible positions, not so much afraid of him as of the drowsy cud-chewing outlier we had seen from above; and at last we crawled into the latter's view and he was up and off, and our beast with him—off in good earnest this time, it seemed, and for far.

It was nearly five o'clock—the hour when perhaps most shots in a forest are made—when a dejected and unhappy little company united and followed on towards the west. The details of the third attempt would take too long to relate. With great luck we picked up the second stag, managed with some difficulty to avoid him and get past him, quickly climbed a steep ridge, and then suddenly I found my-

self lying with cocked rifle in a fairly comfortable position within a hundred and twenty yards of the great stag. He was very uneasy—looking back often, slowly walking on. I shall always be grateful to Fortune, who has played me many a queer trick, that she gave me then a helping hand. This stag weighed 24 st. 12 lb., and had a very fine thirteen-point head with a strong rough horn: few better, I think, went to Mucleay's at Inverness that year. Till a few hours before his death no one knew that there was such a deer on the ground. It is certain, I think, that he had spent the whole of his days in the woods or copses on the hillside, only coming out at night to feed; otherwise it would have been impossible to have overlooked him.

This was the heaviest stag I have killed or am ever likely to kill; but in 1907 I shot one with a more taking if not quite so strong a head. We called him the "thirteen-pointer," and I only saw him twice for brief intervals before I got him on September 23. He had five beautiful tops to one horn and four on the other, and weighed 20 st. 4 lb. We had a long following stalk after this deer—generally a delicate operation. There were about twenty stags with him, and they were wandering on against a high cold wind to get into better shelter. I shall always remember the pleasure with which MacLennan and I dug another and yet another point out of the peat in which he had fallen. "A royal! There's thirteen points!—fourteen! *fifteen!*"

Then, adding to this list of good stags seldom seen, one of our guests in 1907 got a very fine ten-pointer with a span between the horns of exactly thirty-six inches, of whose existence, till the morning he was shot, no one had the least idea. And I had a somewhat strange experience in that same year 1907: I hit a very good stag rather too low down in the shoulder, and lost

him. Some days were spent in the search, but we never saw him again, and felt sure that he would die of the wound. This deer was not seen in 1908, and was shot at the end of September in the following year; the injured leg was perfectly stiff, but he was in fine condition and weighed eighteen stone.

To sum up this question of fences: if I had to begin my stalking again I would begin on open ground, and then, after a good many years' experience, I should like to work in an enclosed forest, or perhaps preferably on an island. You may miss some excitements; the sudden appearance of a good stag which a week ago was feeding in a corrie fifty miles away is one. But you are quite free from anxiety and little jealousies: you can nurse the ground, kill off poor deer and spare good ones, and feel that in time you will be amply rewarded for your forbearance; and I hope I have shown that if your marches are wide enough you may be quite ignorant of the prizes they contain.

It was no light undertaking to make this forest: few men, very few women, would have cared to give the thought and time and money that it required. None but one who has undertaken it can have an idea of the work necessary: the building-up of the fence through this wild country, the endless expenditure of money; and then there was the risk and uncertainty of the great experiment, the small progress at first, the long waiting, and the slow increase of the stock. No one in these islands has ever attempted anything of the kind on so large a scale; but the lady who owns these mountains was far-seeing and very patient, and capable of dealing with things in a large way; and I think she must feel now that she has been amply rewarded. Her ground was not suitable for cattle or sheep; there were very few grouse

on it; save for a few blue hares it might have been called quite untenanted. Now it is a place of intense interest to a naturalist as well as a sportsman, and it gives work for far more people than it could do in any other state.

Getting these big stags home was a serious business. There is only a small mileage of paths, though now and then one or other of the loughs on which there were boats gave some help. They had to be dragged great distances, and three and often four men were required to do it. I often wondered what was passing through the minds of the gillies who attended me when, late at night, wet through, and far from home, I left them to get near the deer. I know quite well that in their places I should most fervently have prayed for the stag's life, for a treacherous puff of wind to help him, or an unsteady hand. If the stalk was successful I used to leave the remainder of my lunch with them and tell them with grim untruthfulness how sorry I was. But I never once heard a grumble or a murmur: "Faith, I wish he was twice as big" was a common retort. In spite of all difficulties, the work was so well organized that only four stags during the last season had to be left out all night. One of them—a pretty fourteen-pointer—I shot in such an inaccessible district that it took four men and a horse twelve hours to get him in. However late the men got home, it was arranged that they should have some hot supper. They were always willing and cheerful; most of them had good eyes—in one or two the sight was almost phenomenal.

A great deal of crawling had to be done on this ground. At the beginning of the season I was handicapped by an accident which had somewhat crippled a knee and my left hand, and I could not spread the latter out flat, but had to "bunch" it. And so, on our second

day out, it was agreed between MacDonald and myself that this mode of progression was to be avoided as much as possible. It perhaps naturally followed that before night I had gone through the longest and hardest spell of it I had ever experienced. We found half a dozen stags and a few hinds on the slope of a bare hillside. The morning was fine, but about mid-day it came on to rain heavily, and the north wind gradually increased in strength till it was blowing a furious gale; I have never been out on a hillside except in winter in such weather. We got within six hundred yards of the deer at twelve o'clock, and at four we were still far out of shot of any of them; but though we made so little progress in a direct line, we were continually moving, trying this or that possible approach, only to find it led to nothing. Much of the ground was flat bare rock. The deer were in shelter, but we were exposed to the full blast of the gale and icy rain, and all through those four hours we could only move with the greatest care and deliberation. I have often thought when struggling against adverse circumstances in a forest that stalking was an over-rated amusement, but never did I feel this with such solemn conviction as when I crept—a drenched and numbed man—on those forbidding rocks. No doubt the storm helped us; on that bare face in any ordinary weather we must have been sooner or later picked up. MacDonald showed extraordinary patience and determination, and at last we were rewarded. Some lying-down hinds which had all the time commanded our approach shifted a few yards, and we were able to get on and wriggle to a knoll within shot of the deer. They caught me directly I raised myself up to shoot. I saw a bunched mass of brown alert things staring at me through the lashing rain; I tried to hold steady for a moment a shaking body,

to feel with numb swollen finger the trigger, and I missed. The next moment we were the only inhabitants of the desolate hillside.

With few words we stood up—for the first time for so many hours—and set off for home. Macdonald did not seem to take the shortest road, and he went very quickly. We struggled and stumbled on for a mile or two, and then the watching Fates for the first time that day were kind to us. The deer made for a far distant shelter; but they seem not to have cared to face the full force of the gale, and came back a little and took the leeward side of a great ridge instead of going straight over it: here we ran into them, and I got a near but hurried shot at my stag and killed him—a fine ten-pointer weighing just two pounds short of eighteen stone. To Macdonald was due the credit—first for his inexhaustible patience, then for his knowledge of the line the deer would take.

So my troubles were forgotten—the wet and the cold and the failure—and I fought contentedly the long road home. It was well I knew it, for the mist sometimes completely shut me in; the rain never ceased for a moment, the wind howled and roared and crashed through the rocks as if it had been mid-winter instead of August. Half a dozen times I was completely blown over; but my cares were at an end. Not so those of the men: I sent help to them as soon as I could, but they had a terrible time of it before—late at night—they got the stag home.

Once during this season we had a grimmer search than after a wounded stag. One January day a man left a village some ten or twelve miles away to collect "crottle"—the lichen which grows on rocks and is used for dyeing wool. He never came home again, and a search was organized and kept up for some weeks. It was thought he might have strayed into an outlying part of

the forest; and it was a strange sight to see forty or fifty men systematically beating up and down over the quiet hills: one day there were a hundred out. There are few dangerous bogs or springs in this part of the ground; and even if lost in some treacherous hole the tin and small sack he carried would have shown where he was. More probably—ill or caught by the bitter night—he had crept for shelter into a little cave or cleft among the rocks; and the ground is so wild and difficult to examine that except by chance his bones may never be found.

We spent the autumn and winter of 1909-10 snipe-shooting in Clare, in that district of "Corea Bascinn" which is associated with two noble poems by Miss Lawless. I seldom think of the desolate sea which unceasingly frets or thunders on that wild coast without picturing somewhere on it the earless and sailless boat bringing over to their old home the dead men of the Irish Brigade who had fallen a few hours before at Fontenoy; the cry of the frightened fisherman when he met that dreadful company in the mist of the early morning: "Why are ye so white?" In the North of Ireland our home was near the country which Moira O'Neill writes of. We gave her names to our places: whatever might be set down on the Ordnance map, the lonely Osmunda-haunted streamlet was for us the "Brabla Burn," and Loughareema was the black tarn where we waited for wild geese and heard that rustling among the reeds which the little wave makes when "it runs up the shore and flees as if on feet." We shall always be grateful for the pleasure these verses have given us.

From the people—the country people—in this wild district we received nothing but kindness: some of them were naturally more interested in our sport than others, but all were invariably civil and obliging. Whatever

they could do to help us they did, and always pleasantly; and some of our few neighbors—the owners of the far-stretching estates around—were very courteous. I had the privilege of shooting over very many thousand acres of their land marching with my

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own, though I was seldom able to avail myself of it. But one thing the sportsman going to Donegal—at any rate *my* part of Donegal—must remember: there is absolutely *no* "open" country to shoot over here as there is in Clare or Kerry.

Gilfrid Hartley.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDSWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I was right about Conrad," said Mrs. Byrne that evening when she was alone with her husband. "He does wish to marry Helga."

"Has he told you so?"

"Yes; but not officially. He hopes to get his father's consent when he goes home at Christmas."

"We shall probably never see him again once he goes home. His father will tell him not to be a young fool, and keep him in Hamburg."

"He is leaving most of his things here."

"They won't bring him back—if his father has his way."

"You came back to Germany—for me," said Mrs. Byrne. "In those days you had money and I had none."

Mr. Byrne sighed and turned gloomily towards the fire, staring at it without speaking. Mrs. Byrne went on with the sock she was knitting, but her thoughts followed Helga's future two diverse ways, one leading with Conrad to prosperity and sunshine, the other lost in shallows, loneliness, and misery.

Three days before Christmas the young man left Surbiton accompanied by a plum-pudding, a plum-cake, and mincemeat that Mrs. Byrne and Helga had prepared for his family. He had talked of buying them at a confectioner's, but Mrs. Byrne said they would be better and cheaper home-made, and that she would make them for him.

"My mother will be delighted to find that you can cook so well," he said to Helga, as the hamper was being packed; and though Helga made no reply at the time, she came back to this remark when he had gone.

"Why should his mother be pleased because I can cook?" she asked. "Just at present, to be sure, it makes some difference to Conrad and his digestion, but later on it won't; and after all, if he didn't like our cooking, he would easily find other lodgings."

"You know well, Helga, that Conrad does not regard his position with us in that way."

"It has that side to it," persisted Helga. "He pays us so much a week for board and lodging."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"With my cooking? and his lady mother?"

"With his attachment to you!"

"That's moonshine," said Helga, with decision.

"I hope not," said Mrs. Byrne.

The mother and daughter turned from each other troubled, silent, afraid of the next word. The girl had not foreseen such moments as this when Conrad's courtship would lead to discord and confusion. Again the lantern was not burning as she had meant it to, with a quiet, consoling flame. Instead of stilling her thoughts, it seemed to give them a fiery edge that burned

between her and the innocent, irrecoverable peace of girlhood. The marriage she had made without being greatly stirred took its place at last as the paramount adventure of her life, the one of all others that must eventually control her destiny. Night and day of late she thought of Clive and wished for him, and wondered whether he longed as she did. Torments of anxiety and desire consumed the silly child who had played with love, not knowing that love was fire. Yet she kept silence. To marry him had seemed a high adventure, thrilling, satisfying, not ignoble, ending as she had thought when they parted. A secret correspondence had a backstairs flavor about it that she shrank from even now. It is impossible to defend her scruples, or even fully to explain them. They were illogical, they were useless, they were insurmountable. Her marriage did not oppress her conscience as much as her meetings with Clive did and as the one or two letters from him that she had treasured.

Mrs. Byrne had wisely dropped the subject of Conrad and his courtship. She saw that something fretted her daughter and that the moment for confidence had not arrived. So she waited and hoped. She knew that a girl's tongue is often no index to her heart, and she hoped that if ever the chance came Helga would settle on the banks of the Alster. For the moment Mrs. Byrne was busy with Christmas. Two wooden cases had arrived from Hamburg, one from Tante Malchen and one, ordered long since, from Conrad. Tante Malchen's presents were always like her letters, disagreeable. She had sent Helga a dress length of cheap material with large snuff-colored checks and she mentioned in a letter that she was giving the facsimile of it to August's old spinster aunt Helene who would certainly be grateful and delighted.

"I wouldn't be seen dead in it at a

pig fair," said Helga, quoting from one of her favorite authors.

"It will make me a dressing-gown," said Mrs. Byrne, fingering it ruefully.

"It will make dusters," said Helga, "and then we shall feel bilious when we use them. How did you of all women come to have a disagreeable cat for a sister? I suppose what happened was that all the cattishness left in the family blood was used up by her and there was none left for you. How easy it would be for the Frau Commerzienrath to give us a little pleasure sometimes and what pains she takes not to do it. Look at this, for you."

Helga had unwrapped and was holding up a rose-colored petticoat made of the cheapest silk and trimmed with the cheapest lace, a garment as suitable to Mrs. Byrne as the tarlatan skirts of a columbine.

"It might make a lampshade, or cover a cushion," she said.

For Mr. Byrne there was a brown smoking-cap trimmed with green braid and for the family in general there was a large piece of beef which Tante Malchen said in her letter had been spiced and pressed at home.

"I suppose that is why it has gone bad," said Helga, when they had taken it from its wrappings and at last understood why the whole case had been so unpleasant to unpack.

"It must be burnt at once," said Mrs. Byrne, with a housewife's regretful sigh at seeing good stuff wasted: and then they prised open Conrad's case which was full of sweets and cakes and books and music and last of all a huge Lübecker Marzipan. But Helga was not allowed to open the package of books addressed to her. Mrs. Byrne carried them away with the other things into the drawing-room where she was preparing her mysteries; the little tree trimmed with candles, gilded nuts and apples and the presents she had bought

for her husband and child according to her means. This year there were presents from both Helga and Conrad to help the meagre show which even without them would have been a little less meagre than usual. The sum paid weekly by Conrad made a substantial addition to her housekeeping money and she had been able to save from it. She had bought Helga some blue serge for a new coat and skirt and for her husband she had knitted socks and embroidered initials on new handkerchiefs. She had bought oranges and figs too, baked German cakes and spiced beef in the Hamburg way; and her spiced beef was ready to eat, not to burn. Outside on Christmas Eve, the weather was wretched: but in the house the happy spirit of Christmas had taken possession of Mrs. Byrne. All the afternoon she spent by herself in the drawing-room trimming her tree and spreading her tables in the German way. At four o'clock she lighted the fire, drew down the blinds and took a final look round before she went upstairs to change her gown. The tree was prettier than usual because besides the colored candles, gilded nuts and little apples it had some of the sweetmeats on it out of Conrad's box: pink and white *Kringeln* and little wreaths of flowers made in colored sugar and vegetables made of Marzipan. There were no toys on the tree and it looked just like one in an old-fashioned German picture-book; so Mrs. Byrne thought it was all a tree should be, and her thoughts went back to Christmas Eves in Germany when she was a child and waited impatiently and full of joy for what the Christchild would bring. Beside the tree Conrad's handsome presents made a display. He had sent Helga a whole row of modern German poets and Mr. Byrne a pair of valuable fur gloves and to Mrs. Byrne music as well as a complete edition of Hauptmann's Works that she had long

coveted but could not buy. Never since the great catastrophe had her Christmas room looked so well and never since then had she prepared it with such a hope in her heart. She would not let herself dwell much on it but she could not banish it either. She thought that Conrad would probably get his way in the end. After all by birth and education Helga was his equal. She was the granddaughter of a well-known professor and the niece by marriage of a well-known Hamburg citizen. On her father's side too her connections were creditable, but they would not interest Conrad's people much. At the back of Mrs. Byrne's mind was some uneasiness about Helga, for the older woman knew that girls sometimes have heart-trouble that they keep to themselves. Helga had hardly ever spoken of Clive since his carnations came, but her mother guessed at a swift, strong attraction between the two young people. She could not believe, however, that Helga would refuse Conrad for the sake of a man she had seen twice and would probably never see again. In a legend a girl may love a dream as Senta loved the Dutchman, but in real life she is glad when a good man woos her and offers her a pleasant home. As Mrs. Byrne changed her gown she thought about the city in which her mother had lived as a girl, where her sister had lived since her marriage, and where she hoped Helga would live as Conrad's happy wife. She saw the tall spires rising above crowded roofs, the old houses and wharves leaning towards narrow canals, and the great water gay with traffic around which the city has risen. Here in England, if you were poor, life was hard and chilly. Helga, who knew no other life, could not make a picture as her mother could, of the pleasant days awaiting her.

Mrs. Byrne went downstairs when

she was ready, lighted the lamp in the dining-room, and waited for her husband. When she heard his key in the latch she got up to meet him because it was Christmas Eve, and she wanted to bring him into the room where the fire and the holly and the coffee tray and the big spiced cake were ready for him. Now that he had come she would make the coffee, and after coffee she would light the tree, and then they would keep Christmas together, they two and their child as they had done year by year since Helga had been born. Mr. Byrne would call her his sentimental German, and would look a little happier than usual, and they would both rejoice over Helga because she was a good child and was going to live with Conrad on the Alster. When that came to pass the worst of their troubles would be over, for as long as her husband had health, and strength to work he could make enough for the simple needs of two old people. With hope and peace in her heart she went into the narrow hall. The little lamp that burned there showed her Mr. Byrne standing against the closed door. He did not come forward at first, and both his silence and his huddled figure frightened her.

"Francis!" she said in a low questioning voice; and the next moment she was beside him.

"What is it?" she said; and then, without waiting for him to speak, without even trying to get off his great coat and hat, she got him into the dining-room. By the better light there she saw that he must have had a shock, for he was dazed and trembling.

"Has there been an accident?" she asked him.

"Yes. No. I've had a row."

"A row!"

"With Ashley."

"Where?"

"In our office."

His wife guessed from his manner

that there was more and worse to come. She sat down because her knees gave under her, but she said nothing.

"He came with a complaint, something wrong in his accounts, they called me into the private office about it; there he sat and there I stood, and he was impudent, and I went for him."

By this time Mrs. Byrne looked as much shaken as her husband. She waited horror-stricken for him to finish his tale.

"I told him what I thought of him," he said, with a low growl of reminiscence, "and then I thrashed him."

"But there were other men in the office," said Mrs. Byrne. "Didn't they interfere?"

"There was only Rossiter, and he's a little chap. He went for some one, and by the time they came back—"

"But, Francis," said Mrs. Byrne, anxiously, "have you not offended against the law? Are such things permitted?"

"They're not permitted, but sometimes they're done," said Mr. Byrne, his lips shutting tight and unrepentant as if he still felt Mr. Ashley's soft body bruised and hurt by his blows.

"But what happens to the people who do them?"

"He can take out a summons for assault if he wants every one to know he's had a thrashing, or he can keep quiet."

"But if he doesn't keep quiet, can they put you in prison?"

"I suppose so."

"He wasn't much hurt?"

Mr. Byrne hesitated, and his wife's heart sank with new foreboding.

"I would rather know the whole truth," she said.

"It was so quick," he answered, "I hadn't time to think. We struggled and I got the best of it. I got him down."

"Was he very angry?"

"He will be, no doubt; but I'd knocked him silly for the moment."

Mrs. Byrne felt like a person who slips a little on a mountain-side, thinks to recover, slips further, and, quicker than thought, is crashing beyond recovery to disaster. The moment was unbearable.

"He is alive?" she said, quietly.

"I hope so," said Mr. Byrne, looking away from her.

"Didn't you send for a doctor? Didn't you stay to see?"

"I wasn't asked to stay," said Mr. Byrne, bitterly, "can't you imagine that, Dorothea? To-morrow I must look for work."

"To-morrow is Christmas Day," said Mrs. Byrne.

"I had forgotten," said her husband.

He got up heavily and seemed about to take off his coat; but, as if the effort was beyond him, he sank back into his chair and sat there staring with fixed eyes at the opposite wall, seeing nothing, his wife felt sure, but the scene through which he had just passed, not even seeing yet as she did the shadow of it on the days to come. When Helga came into the room she gave her a look but did not speak.

The girl ran forward.

"Is Dad ill?" she said.

"Get some tea, quickly," said Mrs. Byrne.

It seemed the best thing to do at the moment. As Mrs. Byrne watched by her husband she grew more and more alarmed, for the excitement that had sustained him till he saw her had died out and left him in a state of mental and physical collapse. When the tea came she persuaded him to drink some, and then to go to bed. He did not resist her ministrations or help himself much or speak. She hoped that sleep would restore him.

"How is he?" asked Helga, anxiously, the moment her mother reappeared downstairs.

"I think he will sleep," said Mrs. Byrne, sitting down with a heavy heart by the fire and taking a cup of tea from her daughter. The coffee things were still on the table and the big uncut cake made for Christmas Eve. Little twigs of holly full of red berries lay along the mantelpiece, and in the next room Christmas waited for people too sorrowful to come.

"What is wrong?" asked Helga.

"Your father has lost his work," said Mrs. Byrne.

Helga heard the news as quietly as her mother told it; but she knew it meant trouble.

"He will find new work," she said, trying to console.

"Not at his age—besides——"

"But what brutes to turn a man off suddenly like that—and on Christmas Eve—a man who has worked for them all these years, it isn't possible."

Helga stopped short. Her mother's silence, her mother's want of indignation told her there must be more behind.

"What has happened?" she cried.

"Tell me. Don't keep me in the dark."

She had knelt down in front of the fire and now sat there, so near her mother that her head touched Mrs. Byrne's knees. The older woman put her hand on the girl's head as if to bless it.

"My darling," she said brokenly, for she thought of the pleasant home on the Alster that had fallen like a house of cards. Poverty, the father of an eligible Conrad might forgive, but not disgrace, and not such destitution as might now overwhelm them.

"What is it, Mummy?" cried Helga again, getting hold of her mother's hand and laying her warm young cheek against it. "Let us face it together."

"It's John Ashley," said Mrs. Byrne.

"How can it be?" said Helga, in a small dry voice.

"There was a quarrel in the office—your father struck him."

Helga gave no sign and made no sound. Mrs. Byrne thought she could not have understood.

"Your father has thrashed John Ashley," she said again. "It is terrible, Helga. He may be put in prison."

Mrs. Byrne's voice sank to a whisper and again she put her hand on her child's head as if the contact gave her comfort in that hour of misery. But still Helga neither spoke nor moved.

"He doesn't even know for certain whether he is dead or alive," she went on.

Then Helga lifted her head and faced

(To be continued.)

her mother, her eyes heavy with pain and apprehension.

"But we must know at once. Why should he fear?"

"He left him stunned."

"But not dead—probably not much hurt."

"He didn't know, he couldn't tell me much; you saw the state he was in. I couldn't ask him much."

"But we must know. Are we to wait here and not know?"

"What else can we do? If the police come for your father—if they don't come—they would come if—but it isn't possible."

"We must know," said Helga.

PATRIOTISM HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

When in Roumania some six years ago, I chanced one Sunday morning to be passing a church just as the service came to an end. It was in a little market town that lies between Campina, the great petroleum centre, and Sinaia, where King Carol and his Queen, Carmen Sylva, spend much of their time. The whole countryside seemed to have turned out that morning: crowds of men, women, and children trooped forth from the porch, in their smart national dress of white linen embroidered with blue, orange, and red; and there was much saluting, much exchanging of greetings, and chattering. For a few minutes the little square before the church was thronged. Then the men and women began slowly to wend their way homeward, followed by the girls and young children, while the boys marched off straight to a field a few hundred yards away. And there they stood quietly waiting with an odd solemn look in their great dark eyes. So grave was

the expression of their faces, indeed, that had it not been for a certain alertness in their bearing, I should have taken it for granted at once that some religious ceremony in which they were specially interested was going to be held. They were a fine set of lads, although most of them would have been all the better, perhaps, for a little more flesh on their bones. Not one among them was "chubby"; not one was listless or dull. On the contrary, they were all thin, several of them as thin as thin could be; and they all had bright, intelligent faces. From the lofty fashion in which they held their heads they might have been the sons of kings or princes, yet poverty was stamped on them in unmistakable terms. Their much-embroidered clothes, although clean, were terribly hard worn; while as for their shoes, some of them were the merest frauds.

The eldest of the boys was hardly fourteen, while the youngest was certainly not more than ten, yet there

was something quite manly about them. The very way they set down their feet betokened a sense of responsibility. Evidently they had, or thought they had, work on hand of great importance. Just as I was wondering what this work could be, a drill-sergeant appeared; and in a second every boy was a soldier. They fell in—still with that odd solemn look in their eyes—they saluted, they marched, they formed square, and went through the most varied movements. And in all that they did they showed not only a certain skill, but boundless zest and ardor, their faces glowing the while with proud enthusiasm. From first to last their whole demeanor was in exact accordance with their expression: even as they stood at ease these boys looked for all the world as if they actually were officiating at some religious ceremony. This Sunday drill was for them, I found later, a religious service, if not a ceremony, just as much a religious service as the Mass in the church that morning. They looked on it, indeed, as the second part of the Mass, its complement. In the little church they had prayed that Roumania might be defended from her enemies, and in the field they were learning how to defend her. Roumania is to them something sacred, it must be remembered: something which it is not only their duty to defend, but also their highest privilege, their keenest joy. This, although they are only poverty-stricken little peasants—the grandsons of serfs.

"It is a fine thing to have a country to defend," a Roumanian once said to me; "it makes all the difference in life, even to our children, our having a land of our own to fight for. When I was a lad Roumania was a Turkish province."

No sooner had the boys left the field, than men began to make their way there. They came in twos and threes,

quite a goodly company, all in their fine church-going clothes, all holding their heads high and stepping out briskly. There was nothing preternaturally solemn about them, however. On the contrary, they came as those who are well content to come, as those on pleasure bent, laughing and talking and bandying jokes. They belonged evidently to the same class as the boys, the peasant class; and they were for the most part in the prime of life, between twenty-three, perhaps, and forty, although there were some among them who seemed younger. They, too, had come to be drilled; and the moment the drill-sergeant took up his station, they fell in in single rank before him. Then laughing and talking ceased at once; every man settled himself down in the most business-like fashion to doing his work. There was not one among them, indeed, who seemed to have a thought in his head beyond doing his work well.

The older men were already trained soldiers, that was easy to see; they had been taught how to fight, and well. They could shoot straight, and they went through their drill with a precision that would have won for them applause even at Potsdam. For they had served their time in the regular army and were reservists. They had turned out that morning, not as their younger comrades and the boys, to learn how to defend Roumania, but to ensure themselves against forgetting how to defend her efficiently. And they had turned out every whit as eagerly as the boys, without a doubt in their minds but that it was a privilege, as well as a duty, to keep themselves fit to defend her.

Now, this Sunday drill entailed no expense on anyone, it must be noted; no real sacrifice either of time or anything else. No one's work was left undone while it was being held, no one's business was going to rack and

ruin. For on Sunday mornings there is practically no work to be done, no business to be attended to. These men would at best have been only loafing had they not been at drill; while as for the boys, they would probably have been getting into mischief. And being drilled is certainly more wholesome, both for body and mind, than either loafing or getting into mischief. Nor is this all: these Roumanians would have laughed aloud in sheer amazement had anyone suggested that it was hard on them that they should be called upon to give up part of their Sundays to fitting themselves to fight well for Roumania. Why, for them the great thing in life is that they have a Roumania to fight for. Besides, their drill was for them evidently a pleasure as well as a duty; they enjoyed it much more thoroughly than even the most ardent of London footballers enjoys a football match. They would not have laughed, however—for that they would have been far too much shocked—had anyone suggested that they might spend their Sundays more profitably than in learning how to fight. For the first of all duties is, they hold, after serving their God, to serve their country; and how could they serve it if they could not fight?

Another day, a weekday, I was in a large Roumanian town when the balloting for soldiers was taking place. The road leading to the préfecture was thronged with young men, the elder brothers, perhaps some of them, of these boys I had seen in that field. They, as the boys, were not only clean, but spick-and-span, with every hair in its place; and they had donned their best clothes evidently for the occasion. They, too, were a fine-looking set, alert and active, with earnest, intelligent faces. Yet they were only what we should call Hodges; they had spent most of their time theretofore digging and delving and tending cattle.

On the balloting at that time depended whether those who balloted should become at once regular soldiers, and be drafted off to some great barracks for two years' hard service; or whether they should join the regular army only for a week now and then, and spend the rest of their time at home, working as usual on weekdays, and being drilled on Sundays. One might have thought, therefore, that before they balloted, there would have been anxiety among those young men; and after, lamentation among such of them as had drawn regular-service tickets, and rejoicing among such as had drawn the non-regular. There was not a sign, however, of anxiety, nor yet of lamentation, although there were many signs of rejoicing. They who must start off for their two years' barrack service seemed quite content, more content, if anything, than those who must remain at home. No one grumbled, no one seemed depressed; on the contrary, all-round cheerfulness was quite the order of the day, and with it a sort of instinctive joyful gratitude.

Now, in another country I had once witnessed a balloting for soldiers, and it was a very dismal business, one fraught with tears and growls. I inquired therefore why things should be different in Roumania; why all these young men should seem so glad to become soldiers.

"Because they are glad, heartily glad," one of their compatriots assured me very emphatically. "Although they are only peasants, they love their country, love it as they love their own mother; and they have sense enough to realize that if they did not become soldiers they might soon have no country to love. And in their eyes to have no country is the most terrible of all calamities, the most degrading and demoralizing. For they know all that it means, you see; their fathers and

grandfathers have taught them that—I wish you could hear some of the tales they tell. Sixty years ago Roumania belonged to Turkey, and her peasants were serfs, mere chattels, whom anyone might pillage at will, anyone might kick. When we think of those days, the most sluggish among us becomes a fervent patriot, and counts it as naught to give up two years of his life, a fraction of his Sundays, too, to guard against such days ever returning. Roumania is free now, strong enough to hold her own against all comers, but only because her sons are soldiers trained to defend her. This is a fact to which every little schoolboy here is alive. Can you wonder, then, that our young men become soldiers gladly?"

In Switzerland not only do the young men become soldiers gladly, but they regard it as the greatest misfortune that can befall them if for any reason they are prevented from doing so. No one who has been sent to a reformatory, a penal colony, or a prison, is allowed to enter the national army; and this even for a loafer is a more severe punishment than years of hard labor. For it stamps him for life as one judged unworthy to fight under his country's flag, or even to wear his country's uniform; and with such a man no decent Swiss will willingly consort. I once found, in a penal institution in Switzerland, a great strong fellow of about twenty who was eating out his very heart with shame and grief, not because of the crime for which he had been sent there, but because he would never be able to be a soldier. Life was not worth living, he seemed quite convinced, unless he could take his place side by side with other lads of his age, and fight with them for the Fatherland should the chance ever come.

In Switzerland, as was the case in Roumania six years ago, even school-boys are taught soldiering; but whereas the little Roumanians wore their

church-going clothes while being drilled, the Swiss wear uniforms provided for them by the community, and it makes them look the veriest miniature warriors. As soon as a lad is ten he may begin to be regularly trained, on scientific principles, not only to march and go through evolutions, but to shoot. From nineteen to twenty he is specially drilled by State-paid officers; and at twenty he must join the national army if he is normal, non-criminal, and in fairly good health. There he goes through a regular course of military training, which turns him, so far as in him lies, into an efficient soldier as well as a crack shot. When his training is over, he is free to return to his usual work on weekdays, but he must still continue to be drilled and practise shooting on Sundays. For until he is forty he is at the call of his country, and he is required by law to keep himself fit to defend it.

In Switzerland most of the drilling is done on Sundays; not only the drilling of the reservists, but of their younger comrades and the boys. Excepting for the young men going through the regular military course, indeed, all of it is done on Sundays or Saturday afternoons. For the Swiss, being both intelligent and economical, see no reason why young folk should be allowed to waste their time and fall into loafing ways on Sundays and holidays, when they might be more usefully employed, just as pleasantly, too, and more reverently, fitting themselves to defend their country. And on this point the young folk are in cordial agreement with their elders, as their faces show when they turn out for their Sunday drill. It is one of the most significant sights in Switzerland to see them trooping off to the shooting-range, or making their way to the exercise-ground. They are all so glad to go, so eager to learn how to fight for Switzerland, to defend her, should she

ever be attacked. Were you to say to them that being drilled on Sundays was a hardship, they would assuredly decide forthwith that you were mentally afflicted. For there is nothing on earth they enjoy quite so much as learning how to shoot. Watching a football match would seem to them very poor sport indeed compared with soldiering.

In Bulgaria the man who did not wish to learn soldiering, or who grudged the time in which to learn it, would be regarded as "uncanny." His neighbors would look on him as one with whom there was something wrong, in whom there was something lacking. For a normal man must love his country, they hold; and loving it must be eager to learn how to defend it. They would look on him, too, as an irreligious person; for they are as firmly convinced as their neighbors that the first of all duties, after serving God, is to serve the Fatherland; and that the way to serve it is to learn how to fight. They would, therefore, instinctively treat him as a pariah, and hold no intercourse with him lest the punishment due to him should fall on them. They love fighting for fighting's sake, it is true, for they are a warrior race; but stronger even than their love of fighting is their feeling that it is a sacred duty to fit themselves to fight. They have not only a country to defend, it must be remembered, but a country to deliver, one which, as they all believe, it is their mission as a nation to deliver. Even poor little peasants dream dreams in which Macedonia and Bulgaria are united, and no Macedonian need ever again see, unless it be his own wish, either a Turk or yet a Greek.

As soon as a Bulgarian is twenty-two, he says good-bye to his homestead and trudges off to the nearest military station. For the State ordains that he must spend two years of his life,

from twenty-two to twenty-four, in the national army, being regularly trained as a soldier.

And he does spend them there without a murmur; although none too cheerfully, perhaps, for he is of the sort that takes life seriously. Long before he is twenty-two, however, the average Bulgarian is already a skilled fighter, one well able to hold his own against most trained soldiers. Lads of sixteen have done yeoman's service for Bulgaria before to-day; while once a lad of eighteen had already made his mark throughout the Near East as a military leader. For in almost every village in the land there is a society that makes it its business to train and drill boys while they are still at school; and to fit them to fight for Bulgaria even before they join the army, should the necessity arise. And both trainers and trained delight in their work, and are never quite so happy as when doing it, even though they must do it for the most part on Sundays.

These societies are, as a rule, organized by the peasants themselves, reservists, who combine the rôle of apostle with that of drill-sergeant, and preach patriotism while teaching how to fight. These peasants are, of course, none too rich—many of them indeed are extremely poor; none the less, any money they need for their juvenile troops they take out of their own pockets. This is a notable fact; for the Bulgarians are thrifty by nature, as thrifty as the Scotch, as prone to ponder well before parting with even a bawbee. They pinch and save the whole year round, by choice, too, as well as necessity. They seem to grudge every penny they spend, indeed, unless it be spent for Bulgaria. But for Bulgaria nothing is too good, nothing too costly; when she is in question they are as lavish with their money as with their time and strength. The most churlish among them would go

without his dinner any day, and make his wife and children go dinnerless, too, rather than that she should not have the very best guns that can be bought. If Tsar Ferdinand has to-day an army of which even Great Powers stand in awe, it is because Bulgarian peasants hold that no sacrifice is too great to make *pro patria*.

In Montenegro there is no real need for drilling at all, as every Montenegrin is born a soldier. None the less, as soon as a baby-boy can toddle, he begins to be drilled *con amore* by some other baby, one probably that can only just walk. And on Sundays and weekdays alike, to his life's end, he continues to be drilled, or rather, for most of his time to drill himself. Again and again when in Montenegro I came across quite little boys conducting with infinite zest military manœuvres; and on one occasion I found, in an out-of-the-way place, a party of school-boys practising elaborate movements which they were planning to carry out against the Turks, with a view, oddly enough, to giving a helping hand to an English fleet supposed to be off Antivari. This was during the Sinai Peninsula episode, when hopes were running high in the Balkans that there might be war between England and Turkey. "If war comes we shall, of course, be on the side of England," more than one Montenegrin informed me quite jubilantly. "You surely do not think that we could stand aside with folded hands while Englishmen were fighting against Turks." And on the mere chance that war might come, they straightway began to drill themselves more vigorously than ever, without waiting for even a wink from the authorities. In one village I found a thousand men all in battle array.

A Montenegrin boy is already a crack shot at an age when an English boy is not allowed to touch a pistol. By the

time he goes to school, indeed, he is often a trained soldier, and always a past-master in the art of scouting. For soldiering is the chief business in life of the whole male population of all ages alike, and that through love of Montenegro. From sixteen to sixty every man belongs to the army, and may be called upon to go on active service at any moment. Even after sixty every man with the strength to carry a gun is a reservist, and holds himself gladly in readiness to go, whether called upon or not, as soon as ever there is the chance of a fight. From one year's end to another they have always their pistols within reach, in their belts during the day, by their pillows at night; and they never allow many hours to go by without giving a glance to make sure that no foe is approaching. For it is a tradition among them, one founded on the bitter experience of their forefathers, that the Turks—for Turks read Schwarbs to-day—may come creeping up their mountain-side any night; and were they to come and find her people napping, Montenegro might cease to be free. And rather than that, let all else go, they hold; let the land be left untilled or tilled only by women, nay, let men and women alike be left unfed. For better a thousand times that they should all die than that the stranger should hold rule in Cetinje.

Cetinje is the only Near East capital over which the Turkish flag has never waved. "The Sultan's troops built mosques in Vienna, but they never built a mosque in our city," is a Montenegrin boast.

"Our city," it must be noted, is what we should call a little country town, for its population all counted is well under 5000. Montenegro itself, indeed, is a mere dwarf among countries, so far as size goes; for it is not much more than half as large as Yorkshire, and a good third of it is barren rock on

which not even tufts of herb will grow. Little and poor though it be, however, never was there a land so idolized, so faithfully guarded and watched over. For hundreds of years its menfolks gave up their lives entirely to defending it against all comers, contenting themselves with bread and water that they might have the wherewithal to buy powder and guns. And even to-day there is not one among them but holds that his first duty is to his country. Not only is his own life, but the lives of his wife and children are as naught in his eyes compared with Montenegro's safety.

A Montenegrin once told me that, in given circumstances, there must be war between his little country and a certain Great Power; and that when war came, if it came, men, women, and children would all turn out and fight.

"But what could you do against so many?" I asked, for Montenegro has only a quarter of a million inhabitants, babies included, whereas this Power has an army of two million trained soldiers.

"What could we do?" he replied, looking at me in surprise, "why all that any nation ever can do. We could do our best to defend our land; and, if we failed, we could die."

This he said quite simply, as if dying *pro patria* were the most natural thing in the world.

It is not only by being always on the alert to fight in its defence that the Montenegrin shows his love of his country; but also by watching over it, taking thought for it, and interesting himself keenly and personally in all its concerns. When I was driving about in Montenegro, the coachman, who was only a peasant, would draw up from time to time, get down from his seat, and come and try to make me realize the diverse ways in which he thought my country might be of use to his. Sometimes it was a bit of land he

wished us to transfer from Turkey to Montenegro—it was Montenegrin land which the Turks had stolen, he always gave me to understand. Sometimes it was from Novibazar that he wished us to drive the Schwarbs—in the Near East the Austrians are known as the Schwarbs—but more often it was from Herzegovina. "If only the Great English nation would help us to reconquer Herzegovina!" It would be the easiest thing in life he seemed to think. Almost always he began by telling me that the renowned Gladstone had declared that the Balkans belonged to the Balkaners; and, as a rule, he wound up by announcing that, come what would, Montenegro must have new provinces. He would never drive past a beautiful view without stopping to remind me that that was Montenegro; and his whole face would gleam with delight as he looked at it. Evidently his country was to him a personal possession, one which he revelled in as in something infinitely precious.

"Has the new English consul come?" another peasant asked me one day, to my infinite surprise. For he lived in a poverty-stricken little hut in an out-of-the-way district, and his clothes were nothing but rags. Yet he spoke with real anxiety in his tone, as if the coming or not coming of an English minister to Cetinje—all foreign representatives are known there as consuls—was a matter of vital importance to him personally. And when I was forced to admit that no consul was come, both he and his wife seemed genuinely distressed. "Why has he not come?" they kept asking me, "why does not your King send us a consul? Is there some trouble between your Government and ours? It will not do at all, you see, for us to be left without an English consul."

I learnt later that even the peasants in Montenegro had been much impressed by the withdrawal of the Eng-

lish Minister from Belgrade after the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga; and that they were, therefore, sorely troubled when, the English Minister in Cetinje having been transferred, there was some little delay before his successor presented himself.

Would it ever occur to a Nidderdale farmer, let alone a Sussex laborer, to trouble his head if we had not a foreign consul of any sort in London? Did one Briton in five hundred indeed, nay one in five thousand, care a whit about the Franco-German conflict, which might have plunged us into war any day last summer? In Montenegro I never came across a man, no matter how poor he might be, who did not take a lively personal interest in the foreign affairs of his country. What was more surprising still, I hardly met one who did not know something at any rate of the home affairs of other countries. Again and again I found not only functionaries and officials, but peasants and priests, who were quite wonderfully well-informed as to what was going on in St. Petersburg, London, Berlin and Vienna, especially in Vienna. Some of them told me curious stories of the Schwarbs and of their spies, and of all that they were plotting, years and years before Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed. Then "Jel je istina da ce Kralj Edward posjetiti Cara?—Is it true that your King Edward is going to pay a visit to the Tsar?"—I was asked again and again by men who I should never have dreamed would have known that there was either a king or a tsar. "We do hope it is true," some of them would add, "it would be a great thing for us if your King and the Tsar were friends."

That peasants should worry themselves about the movements of foreign sovereigns seemed to me most extraordinary, even more extraordinary than that they should worry themselves

about the non-coming of an English consul. But when I said so to one of their chief men, he promptly declared that to him it seemed by no means extraordinary, only quite natural and right.

"A visit from your King to the Tsar is a matter that concerns Montenegro closely," he informed me; "and it would be a bad look-out for her if ever her people did not worry themselves about everything that concerns her. For it would mean that they had ceased to interest themselves in her, had ceased to love her in fact. For one must interest oneself in what one loves."

I thought of the Montenegrins when I read in the *Westminster Gazette* that little story of the two Tynesiders who met during the January 1910 General Election.

"Well, Bill, what do you think of the Budget?" asked the one.

"The Budget," replied the other, "wot's that?"

"Why, man, it's that thing that's going to wreck the Empire, if it gets passed," his pal explained.

"Oh, a—a divvènt care a hang about that," retorted Bill, "a—a arlways gan to the Pavillion."

We are often told in this our day that we here in England do not know the meaning of the word patriotism. Not so very long ago, indeed, I heard a popular preacher declare in all earnestness that the great mass of latter-day Englishmen are so completely demoralized through their selfishness, sloth, and love of pleasure, that nothing short of a foreign invasion will ever rouse them to a sense of the duty they owe to their country. I was both startled and shocked at the time, for he actually seemed to think that it would be a good thing on the whole if we had a foreign invasion; as until we have, and our streets are flowing with blood, there is no hope for us as a nation.

Now the story of the two Tynesiders might tempt one to think that this preacher was right, whereas as a point of fact he was wrong. For even supposing he was right in his contention that the average Englishman knows nothing of patriotism, he was fundamentally wrong, surely, in arguing as he did that this was because of the average Englishman's selfishness, sloth, and love of pleasure. For latter-day Englishmen are certainly not one whit more selfish, slothful, or pleasure-loving than Roumanians; not one whit more selfish, or slothful than Montenegrins; or more selfish than Bulgarians or Swiss; and these four nations are all renowned for their patriotism. A man may have many vices and yet be a fervent patriot, may have many virtues and not know the meaning of the word patriotism. For whether he is a fervent patriot or not depends—or so it seems to me—on whether his country is, or is not, in danger; unless, indeed, he has imagination enough to realize that, even though it be safe to-day, it may be in danger to-morrow. The nation that has to fight for its country, to defend its frontiers against its foes, or that knows what it is to have no country, or to fear that it may not have one, is the nation among whom patriotism flourishes. This is a point which no one who knows the Balkans will dispute.

That Tynesider who, when he heard of the Empire, thought instinctively of the music-hall, would at once become a fervent patriot were he to know that a foreign fleet was on its way to South Shields; and so would every man or boy in those huge heedless crowds that flock now on holidays to football matches, or revel in cricket. They would all keep watch then as dilligently as the Montenegrins keep watch; they would all be as eager to learn how to fight as the Roumanians, the Bulgarians, or the Swiss; and they

would all be broken-hearted when they found, as they would find, that it was too late to learn when the foreign fleet was already on its way. All classes alike would then have but one thought in their heads, What can we do to save England? but one desire in their hearts: let England be saved, be the cost what it may. We English folk should be just as patriotic as the Near Easterners, or the Swiss, were our own country in danger. For our love of England is not dead, only it is somewhat droway. If we stand aloof from her now, refusing to learn how to defend her, grudging the money spent on her, paying scant heed to her concerns, it is not so much because we are lacking in patriotism, as because we are lacking in imagination. We know that she is safe to-day, in no actual need of our services; it is hard for us, therefore, to realize that she may be in danger and in sore need of them to-morrow. Yet she may.

If the fact that she may be in danger tomorrow could be brought home to us, and it might surely without the help of a foreign invasion, every man and boy in the land would assuredly flock to the drill-field or shooting-range, even on Sundays, more eagerly by far than they flock now to football fields on Saturday. And the gain would be great all round, for themselves as well as for England. As things are, Sunday is none too happy a day, at any rate for the average working man or boy, unless he be young enough to be a Boy Scout. It is the dullest day in the week for him, indeed, and the most demoralizing; for he has nothing to do as a rule beyond loafing and drinking, or perhaps playing pitch-and-toss. The result is, when he goes back to work on Monday morning, instead of being more fit than when he left it on Saturday, he is less fit, less vigorous both in body and mind; and therefore less able to do well

what he has to do, more prone to quarrel. Surely it would be better for him, physically, morally, and in all other ways, besides being infinitely pleasanter, to spend part of his Sunday

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learning how to do his duty and defend his country, than to spend the whole of it, as he does now, just loafing.

Edith Sellers.

A PLACE IN THE SUN.

For the making of a new phrase both a man and an occasion are necessary; and it is not every day that the man and the occasion and the phrase are found in conjunction. Little, mean phrases we are all too ready to accept and absorb into colloquial language; America is a magazine of such sharp, idiomatic sayings which we are obliged to adopt because they facilitate intercourse with Americans; although they cannot be said to enrich the language. But a great phrase, capable of being absorbed into the body of a language, is rarely uttered, and still more rarely accepted. When the Kaiser in August made his speech about Germany's expansion and spoke of the "place in the sun" to which she made a rightful claim, the words struck everyone, but it seemed as though the idea which they represented overshadowed for a moment the interest of a phrase which I believe is destined to have a permanent place in the English language. It was quoted as a heading for the news in all the English and French papers which I saw; and although it was literally translated from the German in both cases, it was only in its English form, "our place in the sun," that it had the true ring of a saying likely to pass imperceptibly into the language and become a classic. I was curious to see if it would be noticed. Its literal meaning seemed obscure; but the alarmists were so busy with the idea that it meant the end of the world for most of us that the ex-

tremely interesting and picturesque form in which the idea was clothed received little attention. Yet it has nevertheless been adopted in England; it has been used in several speeches during the last few weeks, and used without explanatory comment; and we have now a curious instance of a phrase uttered in a foreign language becoming current in our tongue within three months, so that it can be used without inverted commas.

What, exactly, did the Kaiser mean when he spoke of Germany's "place in the sun"? General Armageddon and massacre of the English innocents, of course; but what was the image in his own mind when he uttered those words? The man in the street, who found them so fateful, would find it hard to tell. If what astronomers tell us be true, not only Germany, but Lapland and Nova Zembla, and every part of this globe will literally one day have a very definite and ignominious place in the sun, when our cinder of an earth shall have been absorbed in the great fire that only warms us comfortably at present. But it was obviously not to that consummation which the Emperor referred, nor to an optical metaphor referring to those focal rays emanating from an object placed in the light which meet and concentrate presumably in the centre of the sun. Nor need we admit so prosaic an interpretation as "our share of the Tropics"—Morocco and East Africa to wit—although the Kaiser's phrases are gener-

ally so turned as to be capable of a double meaning. Presumably, although he did not say so, the Kaiser meant a place in the sunshine; not in the shade or in the twilight of dawn, but in the full light of day—not our momentary day, with its bustling trivialities and loud empty noises, but the spiritual daylight of reality and veracity. It was a fine and inspiring utterance on the part of a man who, almost alone among the sovereigns of today, writes his own speeches, and from time to time, in his dramatic character of heaven-appointed leader and protector, gives utterance to a phrase appealing directly to the hearts and imagination of the German people. In various and striking scenes this dramatic figure appears: now on the high seas, surrounded by the smoke and thunder of the surges, with some kindling words about "blue water"; now among university students, with glass raised on high; now before the open Bible, preaching a sermon that, good or bad, loses nothing by issuing from royal lips; now in some tiled valley, reminding the famer and the hind that they plough and sow, not for their own small needs, but for the needs of the Fatherland; now in all the panoply of power, reminding some ally that in her hour of trial he will be hovering over her, "a figure in shining armor." I am not a statesman and have no concern with the political significance of these utterances, although to many good people they are red rags. No doubt to many Germans the Kaiser's patriarchal habit of assuming at will all functions, from that of a preacher to that of ballet-master, may sometimes be very tiresome; but I am not a German predikant or composer, and am not embarrassed by them. But I feel convinced that there is a right and a wrong way of regarding the German Emperor, and that the right way to think of him is as a man who, believ-

ing firmly in the divine right of kings, and conceiving his office in a highly dramatic spirit, sets himself with all his mind to be a king in the fullest possible meaning of the word, and to set before his people the ideal of unity in a common cause; which is a very admirable thing. His speeches have all one bearing, which is to lift the ideas of his people out of small and narrow ways into larger and grander ways, and to urge them to sink and, if necessary, sacrifice, the individual interest to the collective interest. Is that a bad thing?

It is this man, at any rate, who has given the English a new phrase which will be used on platforms a few years hence by people who will not have the slightest idea of its origin. Some tiresome person, it is true, may write and point out that some obscure writer has used this phrase before; or, for all I know, it may be already classical in German literature. But it was never current in England until the Kaiser uttered it, and it is now current; that it should be absolutely new would be asking too much of the present, and denying too much to the past. All great minds, confronted with similar circumstances, have similar ideas. It will be remembered that Diogenes the cynic had such a reputation that he was visited by Alexander the Great, and that Alexander, being extremely pleased with him, asked him if there was anything with which he could gratify or oblige him. "Yes," said Diogenes, "get out of my sunshine." And it was then that Alexander, being pleased with his independence, said, "Were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes." But we are not all Alexanders, nor need we suppose that it is necessarily ourselves who are standing in the Kaiser's sunshine. There is sun enough for everyone in the world if people will come into the air. It is only if one lives in a tub

that the sunshine is cut off by a figure standing at the door. If the Kaiser had been willing that Germany should remain in a tub, he might have summoned England to get out of the sunshine; but he did nothing of the kind.

The Saturday Review.

Instead he summoned Germany to come out of her tub and take her place in the sunshine. And there, while the stars keep their courses, there is surely room for us all.

Filson Young.

TROUBLES WITH A BEAR IN THE MIDI.

The whole affair, like so many other poignant episodes of the masculine career, had a Beautiful Lady as its first cause. She was young, Russian and romantic, and was certainly the most impressive personality in the ancient town of A. where I was an inconspicuous sojourner. I will not throw spots on the sun by endeavoring to describe her beauty, nor will I soil the memory of her cosmopolitan charm, her wit, her amusing petulance, by attempting to reflect these qualities in the dull mirror of my prose. I can only say that her absence from any place where one happened to be was an acute personal loss. It was she who, from her rooms on the first floor of the hotel, first perceived the disastrous plight and engaging air of the hero of this history. The hotel overlooks the market-place, where the statue of a great Provençal poet (the only modern statue that I know which contrives to look unconscious of its trousers) stands proudly regardant. It was market-day, and the little square was filled with groups of honest and swarthy rustics, who shouted simultaneously in a dialect that was difficult to the foreign ear; the café at the corner drove a roaring trade in high-colored fluids, and the literary person in the hotel abandoned his work in despair and leant on his balcony to survey the gay world.

I was the literary person. I had been contemplating the scene for some minutes when I observed that all the

groups began to consolidate into a single one, from which a grand hum of excitement arose. The crowd was too thick for me to discover its centre of interest, but I heard the unpleasant sound of a concertina, and at intervals I thought that I saw a peculiar furry object which rotated, as astronomers say, on its own axis. I was still engaged in trying to discover the exact nature of this object, when feminine cries arose from the window immediately above my own. I looked up discreetly, and saw the Beautiful Lady making gestures expressive of impotent annoyance. Her eyes met mine, and she pointed a dramatic finger at the crowd.

"Go and stop them," she said. "Send them away, send them home. They are cruel. There are many to one and it is not fair, as you say in England. Please, please go!"

When I thought afterwards of this appeal it dawned on me that her allusion to English principles of fair-play was an excellent stroke of diplomacy. At the moment I was bewildered, and stared at her in wild surmise.

"What is it?" I asked. "Are they mobbing an unpopular priest?"

The Beautiful Lady shook her head very energetically and wrung her fair hands. "Much, much worse!" she cried. "It is a bear, a tiny bear, and it is tired, and the man is sticking it with a great spear to cause it to valse. Oh, please go down and save it!" She

was terribly disturbed; I imagined that, being a Russian, she had a special patriotic interest in bears. In any case my duty was plain. I made a gesture expressive of courage and devoted obedience and descended into the square. But I was not at all sorry that she had described the bear as tiny.

The crowd was so thick that I had great difficulty in apologizing myself into its centre, but at last I succeeded, and stood face to face with the object of interest. He was, as the Beautiful Lady had said, a bear, but he was not so small as I had fondly anticipated, being at least four feet high when he stood on two legs. This feat seemed to be his only accomplishment, but subsequently I discovered that he laid him down and pretended to die whenever the stirring air of the "Marsellaise" was performed on cornets, concertinas, or other instruments. I have never been able to discover the exact significance of this act, but presumed that it was supposed to depict the fate which awaited all the enemies of France. He looked extremely tired, dirty, and hot, but in spite of all he contrived to preserve an expression of roguish good-humor which was irresistible. He wore a muzzle and a little toque full of feathers, which obviously dated from the days of Ros-tand's "Chantecler," and was most unbecoming; an iron girdle encircled his waist, and from the girdle depended a heavy chain which was held by his companion.

The latter was a Basque,—member of a community with which I am denied all intellectual commerce owing to linguistic difficulties,—and though his race is ancient and mysterious and his language a marvel to philologists, I am prepared to state with emphatic confidence that he was not a good man. He was armed (in addition to the concertina) with a stout stick, to which

was lashed a steel spike about three inches in length, and with this horrid weapon he had so prodded the hinder parts of the bear that they were covered with sores and most painful to the charitable eye. The Basque was not only a bad man and squinted, but he was a bad musician; he expressed from his concertina sounds which very fairly represented the walling of many tigers caught by a flood, but were absolutely remote from all harmony, ancient or modern. He worked the concertina with a frenzied energy and sang fear-somely through his nose, pausing at frequent intervals to set aside the instrument and administer the steel spike to the bear. That unfortunate beast would rotate ungracefully for a few moments and would then sit down heavily, like a fat lady. Altogether it was a sorry spectacle, but the crowd seemed to enjoy it, especially the prodding, which made them laugh hugely. An overgrown boy with skeleton bare legs, very high collars, and hair offensively pomaded, contributed to the general amusement by beating the bear with a smart cane whenever the animal was near him.

I stood for some time wondering how I was to act. It was of little use to invite the Basque, through a probably unsympathetic interpreter, to prod the bear less; the only result of that course of action would be that the Basque would almost certainly prod me. He looked capable of any desperate deed. I glanced up at the hotel; the Beautiful Lady was still at her window, and evidently had observed my progress through the crowd; she made incomprehensible signals with both hands and her head. Perplexed, I had turned again to look at the bear, when a man by my side, a gaunt person with a grizzled beard, who had displayed less amusement at the performance than his neighbors, addressed me in French. His remarks were to the ef-

fect that it was a poor sort of show, and that in his youth he had seen better Basques bring finer bears to the town. Bears were most intelligent and sympathetic beasts, he informed me, if they were treated well, but this one—and he shrugged eloquently.

A sudden inspiration came to me, and I inquired if bears in general were costly to buy, and if he knew what the Basque would have paid for this particular one. He seemed to think it improbable that the Basque had paid anything at all, but named a modest sum as the usual price. I looked again at the window, the Beautiful Lady was still there, and her attitude was almost angular with suspense. I turned again to my neighbor and asked him if the Basque spoke French; he replied that it was possible, but that he knew that the Basque usually conversed in the dialect of the district. My neighbor was obviously a son of the Midi; I put on my best manner and asked him if he would do me the immense favor of acting for a moment as interpreter. He seemed surprised, but consented very politely. When, however, I explained that I wished to buy the bear, he looked completely mystified, and assured me that the bear was the feeblest of its kind, no artist, and quite incapable of bringing fortune to any one who travelled round with it. Apparently he had jumped to the conclusion that I was a peripatetic master of the concertina. I should have been wise if I had left him with this illusion, for when I began to explain that it made English people sad to see an animal in that deplorable state, he looked extremely uncomfortable, stared very hard into space, and began to move away, muttering inaudible phrases. He had finally classed me as a lunatic. A moment later he had vanished in the crowd, and after a vain attempt to follow him I was about to engage the

Basque in person, when a shy young man with watery eyes and a pale face laid his hand on my sleeve. He explained that he had been unable to avoid hearing some of the previous conversation, that he had been much interested by my desire to purchase the bear, that he knew the Basque personally, and would, if I so desired, act as interpreter.

His aspect did not inspire me with confidence. I anticipated that he would fall an easy victim to the repartee of the Basque, who was certainly the most truculent barbarian that I had ever had the misfortune to see. But I was wrong. The young man approached and spoke to the Basque, who stared at him savagely for a moment, grinned, and shouted some phrase which I could not understand, but which was obviously offensive. The mild young man instantly proved himself a lion in disguise. Placing his nose within an inch of that of the Basque, he emitted an appalling torrent of invective for the space of two minutes, accompanying his remarks with gestures of the most extravagant ferocity. The Basque made several futile attempts at interruption which were almost pitiful, and at the end of the two minutes he was a wilted man. He spoke, and probably demanded some exorbitant sum, for the young man fell upon him again with undiminished fury. Then the Basque tugged the bear towards him and embraced it with sentimental fondling; the bear, who was obviously unused to such treatment, looked grotesquely uncomfortable. Finally, after some exchange of words, the young man turned towards me and named a moderate sum as the price at which the Basque was prepared to sell the animal.

It was then that I was seized with a qualm, and remembered that I was a stranger in a strange land, with no

knowledge of the concertina and very little of natural history. I asked the young man with the watery eyes if, in the event of my buying the bear, the Basque would be deprived of all means of livelihood, but the young man was convinced that the Basque would have no difficulty in finding another of the species. According to him bears, in the Basque country, were as plentiful as mushrooms. Still I hesitated; then I looked up at the hotel windows. The Beautiful Lady was watching me anxiously. I pulled out my pocketbook and bought the bear.

The ironical laughter of the stalwart sons of Provence as they watched me inducing the bear to walk to the hotel still rings in my ears. I am of a retiring nature, and had never before been an object of interest to more than one or two persons. The bear was smitten with appalling terror when he found that a stranger had become his ward, and resolutely sat down after every third step. The pomatumed youth smote him with his cane, and I boxed the ears of the pomatumed youth, who burst into a passion of weeping. I half expected the crowd to exact vengeance for this violent deed, but it only grinned more vastly, and implored me to smack the bear's head also. The painful scene reached its climax at the door of the hotel, where the proprietor, usually a taciturn personage, was dancing like a dervish and uttering fantastic cries. By this time I was completely bewildered by the noise of the crowd and the immense responsibility which I had incurred, but when I surveyed the agitated limbs of the proprietor the humor of the situation laid hold of me suddenly, and I fell into a mad mood. I began to laugh; I believe that I solemnly introduced the bear as one of my long-lost friends. The proprietor ceased from his capers with alarming swiftness, and put on all the dignity

of a strong man who has been deeply outraged.

"It does not come here," he said briefly. "It goes away. This," he indicated the whole hotel with one superb gesture—"this is not a Barnum-Bailey. I am the father of progeny, but that imports little. Even if I were celibate I would refuse to allow the presence of a savage and dirty beast. I recommend you, monsieur, to discover the lodging of the bear. I will then instantly dispatch your possessions to the same address."

I attempted to reason with him.

"Perhaps, monsieur," I said, "you would be so good as to lend me a stable for the use of the animal, who is, you perceive, intensely amiable." At this moment, most unfortunately, the concierge of the hotel came to the door, and the bear, on perceiving him, made a determined movement in the direction of his ankles. I discovered afterwards that the poor animal, for some unknown reason, had a dislike for any one who wore a uniform. The concierge vanished like thistledown in the wind, and the proprietor looked me straight in the eyes.

"Never in the world," he said, "since he would devour my horses."

"Impossible, monsieur," I retorted, "he is a vegetarian by habit and by heredity." The proprietor made a gesture denoting the most languid interest.

"Ah!" he observed, "absolutely like monsieur." This was true, for I had desisted from eating meat during my sojourn in Provence, but I disliked the tone of the remark.

"At least," I said, growing impatient, "you will allow me to chain him for a time in the stable-yard?"

"And have all the riff-raff of the countryside coming to stare at him all day long? Never, never, never."

He folded his arms, pointed his beard at the sky, and appeared to be

lost in intimate self-communion. I knew, however, that he was enjoying this unparalleled opportunity for cutting a figure before the crowd which was now swarming round the hotel. I noticed that the Basque occupied a prominent position in its front rank; he seemed to be in the highest spirits. Certainly the situation was badly in need of an end. I glanced round at the crowd, and was on the verge of making an impassioned appeal to it for a temporary lodging, when a diversion was created by the appearance of the proprietor's sister, an amiable spinster of mature years, who wore a false front and a changeless smile. Usually she sat in a glass case in the hall, simpering helplessly over the accounts of the hotel, which were really quite beyond her comprehension, but now Providence had tempted her to take the air. She saw my monster at once, and without any symptom of surprise or fear walked straight up to him.

"Ah! it is Toto," she remarked, "the poor Toto." And she sat down on the lowest step and called the bear. The bear shuffled towards her, and put down his head to be scratched. "We are old friends," she explained to me; then added politely, "monsieur is a friend of Toto also? And likes to lead him about? That amuses people, it seems."

I saw my opportunity, and turned dramatically to the proprietor.

"You see, monsieur," I said, "the gentle nature of the beast. He suffers tender women and innocent babes to play with him. And it is to this timid and trusting creature that you refuse a temporary lodging,—this pet of your own family! Monsieur, I cannot refrain from the word. You are unreasonable."

The proprietor was visibly staggered, but he attempted to remain obdurate. "Desist, Hélène," he said to his sister, "he is utterly infested with fleas, and

for the rest unsafe." Then he turned to me and spoke in English. "I do not care, I do not mind one bit," he said rapidly. "He shall get out. He shall go away. He will ruin the good name of my hotel. My *clientèle* will go to the place opposite."

"Not a bit of it," I replied; "they'll all come here on purpose to play with him."

"And he will eat them; he will eat all, all!" said the proprietor. "It is no use; he goes. He goes right off."

The business began to look desperate. At the very moment, however, when I had decided that it was absolutely imperative for me to go forth into the town and hunt lodgings for the bear, there was a swishing sound of skirts, and the Beautiful Lady entered the fray. She ignored the landlord, and went straight to the bear with a large handful of the landlord's sugar. In spite of his muzzle the bear contrived to consume this offering with remarkable swiftness. The Beautiful Lady then removed the Parisian toque from the animal's head, patted him gently, and turned to me.

"So you have bought him," she said; "how very, very nice of you. And now you will take him to England and he will live to a fine old age in your park, and you will never play the concertina to him. You have done a very good thing."

I did not consider it a suitable occasion for explaining that all my vegetable and territorial possessions consisted of three window-boxes in a London flat, and that the prospect of my owning a park was about as probable as that of spending my declining years in the Kremlin. "Yes, I've bought him," I said, "and now I don't know what to do with him. Of course," I added, and a ray of hope shone suddenly across the mists of the future—"of course, if you would care for him he is yours."

The Beautiful Lady smiled sweetly at me, but shook her head with decision.

"You are very kind," she answered, "but what could I do with him? Even if he could be induced to sit still in the auto he would frighten my maid to death. And, in any case, I could not take him back to Russia. My father is very peculiar, and would probably shoot him at once. He is like an Englishman in that: he thinks that all animals are made to be shot. But *you* are different; you will be very kind." And she looked at me with shining eyes. Her expression inspired me to behave heroically, but in my inmost soul I wished that the bear was far away in his early home beyond the Pyrenean pines.

"I must find a place for him to stay in," I said. "You don't, I suppose, happen to know of any one who lets comfortable lodgings for bears? The proprietor refuses to take him in."

The Beautiful Lady made no audible comment on this piece of information, but elevated her eyebrows loftily and turned slowly towards the proprietor. "Ah, monsieur!" she murmured, and continued to gaze at him. The effect of this treatment was remarkable; after a moment the proprietor began to writhe and buzz in the manner of an irritated old gentleman in a French farce. "Mademoiselle, it is impossible, impossible," he stammered at last. "I cannot harbor wild beasts; I am no menagerie. And there is not room for a cat."

The Beautiful Lady looked at him with eyes full of pity. "No room?" she said, "then you are ignorant, monsieur, that the second garage is empty? Or are you determined that this poor animal shall wander homeless throughout the night, until rendered desperate by hunger and weariness he forces his way to some domestic hearth or attacks some

harmless wayfarer? If such a disaster occurs, monsieur, who but you will be responsible?" And she folded her arms and stood, like a vision of outraged Justice, looking down on the bald patch that crowned the proprietor's head.

The proprietor became the victim of an acute attack of Southern frenzy. "But this is not to be borne!" he cried, "that strangers should bring savage beasts to my house and then insult and threaten me because I refuse to take them in! There is a law against such treatment; it is formulated in the Code, in the Code of Napoleon!" His voice died away in a hoarse rattle; he became purple, terrible of aspect. The fair *Hélène* besought him to calm himself, the crowd pressed nearer with wondering eyes. But the Beautiful Lady was unperturbed; she smiled at him and laid her hand on his arm.

"And if I beg this favor of you, you will refuse, monsieur?" she said in thrilling tones. "I, at least, am not a stranger, and if I ask you to lend me the second garage for one night, you will fly into a passion and say terrible things and glare at me like an enraged lion? Ah, monsieur, is it wholly kind? Yet they say that the men of your Department are, above all, chivalrous to women."

She continued to look at him, and at length he began to collapse slowly but perceptibly. "Ah! if it were your bear, Princess," he murmured at last, with a reluctantly gallant bow.

"Call me mademoiselle," she said, "and assume that it is my bear. For the present this gentleman has lent it to me, and I am therefore bound to see it housed and fed. Remember, too, that the bear is to Russians as the Gallic cock to the French; we cannot endure to see one of them in distress."

I do not know if this last profound argument impressed the proprietor very deeply, but at any rate he became milder and milder. "Well, as it grows

was on the decline. Eventually I went with Hélène to the kitchen and returned with a portion of raw beefsteak, a bowl of bread and milk, and, as honey in the comb was not procurable, a pot of dark-brown stickiness which was erroneously described on its label as the produce of bees. We set these offerings on the ground near the bear and watched him with the rapt anxiety of augurs who expect an omen.

My wild assertion that he was a vegetarian turned out to be correct. The bear sniffed the beefsteak, and then turned away sadly and was making for his corner when he saw the so-called honey. Next moment he was trying to swallow it, pot and all, and I remember that during the struggle which ensued I contemplated with some misgiving the chances of his hugging me. But he was really the best-tempered animal that ever wore fur, and allowed me to take the pot from him with no protest fiercer than a broken-hearted groan. I poured the honey on the floor, and he consumed it instantly; the bread and milk followed it in another moment, and then it was manifest that he was still hungry. He uttered more groans, and stood upon his hind legs bowing grotesquely towards us. Afterwards he danced a few steps and performed his fat-lady act once more. I think it was then that we all began really to love him. But he was obviously unhappy, and I was afraid that in spite of his refusal of the beefsteak he was secretly pining for a man in uniform. The Beautiful Lady became sad whilst she watched him. "It is so little and he is so large," she murmured tragically; "he will waste away. It is terrible." I tried feverishly to remember what other vegetables were usually associated with bears, but could think of nothing. A bear devouring a cabbage seemed a fantastic idea; carrots did not sound quite so unsuitable, but yet—The Beautiful Lady could only suggest

grapes, but at that season of the year there was no grape in the length and breadth of Provence.

Suddenly we were rescued from this appalling situation. The cook, a stout and swarthy personage who shaved once a week but was otherwise charming, had come to the door of the garage and was watching with a cynical eye our attempts to satisfy the bear's hunger. Presently, without saying a word, he left us, but returned a few minutes later with a huge pail which contained a fearsome *galimatias* of all kinds of garden-produce swimming in grease. He presented it to the bear, who plunged his head into the pail with a snort of intense satisfaction and finished the whole mess without pausing to take breath, like a schoolman at Oxford who floors a scone. The cook, who was a person of humor, placed his hand on his heart and made the bear a profound bow; the bear rose on his hind legs, returned the bow, and then sat down and regarded us with the utmost benevolence. He seemed to be really sorry when we went, and uttered little protesting moans. "Isn't he a dear!" said the Beautiful Lady. I was so greatly relieved by the solution of the two problems of housing and food that I agreed rapturously; but, like the person in the poem, I sighed when I thought of the morrow.

I did not have to wait even until the morrow for new developments. Being over-wrought with the excitements of the day, I went to bed early and was asleep before midnight. Exactly at half-past that witching hour I was awakened by what seemed to my startled ear a conflict of giants, followed a moment later by the rattle of flying feet, the clash of the tocsin, and the groans of the stricken. I sprang from bed and rushed to my window, which overlooked the stable-yard. By the light of the moon I saw the figure of a man, apparently in military uniform,

who was tugging frenziedly at the cord of the bell which hung at the entrance to the yard and shouting as if all the infernal hounds were unleashed and hard on his track. As soon as he saw me, without ceasing to jerk the bell-rope, he made frantic signs towards the door with his free hand. Meanwhile, the awful groaning grew louder, mingled with a noise not unlike that of calico torn suddenly.

I descended the stairs with a heart full of the most dismal foreboding. Halfway down I met the proprietor, who looked daggers at me; his suspicions evidently coincided with my own. We were followed by various other members of the staff, including Hélène, who even in that awful moment had not forgotten her false front. The proprietor opened the door, and then a terror-stricken but voluble chauffeur burst in upon us, explaining that he had taken the hotel car, which was not expected to return until the next morning, to the second garage, and had there been severely assaulted by a ti-

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

ger. He had managed to escape after a terrible struggle, and the tiger was now in the act of devouring the car. Without pausing to examine the alleged wounds of the chauffeur, the proprietor seized a lantern and made for the garage, closely followed by the owner of the bear and the male members of the staff. We found the bear reclining against the back of the car in an attitude of repletion; he had contrived to devour a considerable portion of a front tyre and had smashed the glass screen. But he was quite goodtempered and quite unashamed, and as soon as he recognized me he arose and bowed. I made no acknowledgment of his politeness, and, feeling that my presence was superfluous and my costume irregular, I returned at once to bed. The last sound that I heard before I sank into haunted slumber was the voice of the chauffeur demanding compensation for his shattered nerves. Thus ended the first day of my existence as a bear-fancier.

St. John Lucas.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

XII.

Shakespeare: The Falstaff Cycle.

(King Henry IV., King Henry V., and The Merry Wives of Windsor).

BY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.

1. Find an appropriate motto for the settlement of a strike.
2. What medical treatment was offered by whom to Falstaff?
3. Who is the most deliberate liar in King Henry IV?
4. Compare the range of Elizabethan archery and artillery?
5. Give an account of (a) Justice Shallow's dimensions, and (b) his relations with the royal family.
6. State the facts and consequences of Bardolph's earliest and latest thefts.
7. How did Falstaff justify larceny?
8. Give two words as showing Shakespeare's orthodoxy on French prosody.
9. (a) What was Falstaff's hope of salvation and (b) for what did he refuse to risk his soul? (c) Give its true value.
10. Were they real Germans?
11. Where and by whom was the art of swearing least understood? (b) Explain what the Devil swears on.
12. (a) What did Falstaff think of swearing by, and (b) how was the offer received?

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE GROWTH OF REMBRANDT.*

This book has a practical purpose—namely, to explain by means of the example of Rembrandt what an artist can learn from teachers and what he must teach himself. Rembrandt is the example chosen because he was a lonely master among Dutch painters and because he taught himself all that made him one. "There is much in the character of Rembrandt's work," says Mr. Holmes, "and a good deal of his personal temper which makes him more akin to the great moderns in France and England than to his own prosaic and for the most part conventional countrymen." That is true, and Rembrandt, like most great modern painters, had to find out for himself what he wanted to do and then to do it without any help or encouragement. He had, no doubt, a more thorough training in his craft than modern artists can get, but it was more thorough because it was narrower. It was a training out of which the art of Hals could develop easily and naturally, but not the art of Rembrandt. Mr. Holmes insists, and rightly, that his genius rebelled against all the aims of the popular Dutch art of his time, and he shows by a searching analysis of his works, particularly his etchings, how slow and tentative this rebellion was. Every one now agrees that Rembrandt was one of the greatest artists of the world, and therefore all his works are commonly accepted as masterpieces; but they can really be divided into three classes—namely, those in which he was content to be an ordinary Dutch painter, those in which he tried to be something more, and, lastly, those in which he succeeded. It is the first of these classes that makes him popular; for many connoisseurs are never so

happy as when they can securely enjoy second-rate works by the greatest masters. Rembrandt could paint these better than any Dutch artist of his time, and if he had been content to go on painting them he might have prospered to the end of his life, like Van der Helst. But he was not content, and he had to find his own lonely way to an art different not merely in degree but in kind. Therefore it is easy to make a sharp distinction between what he learned from others and what he taught himself.

Titian, when he was young, fell under the spell of Giorgione and learnt from him almost unconsciously how to express himself. Afterwards, when he wished to enlarge the scope of his Venetian art, to quicken it with movement, to sharpen it with a more searching understanding of form, there was Florence near at hand to help him. But for Rembrandt the whole art of Italy was foreign and distant and in its decline; and there was no one at home to cast a spell upon him. Mr. Holmes insists upon this fact, and in doing so gives a fresh interest to Rembrandt's career and throws a new light upon his development. Hitherto critics have made too much of the fact that he was a Dutchman. They have spoken of his art as if it were a northern rival to the art of Italy and altogether different from that art. But when his art became great it was, in its essential qualities, far more Italian than Dutch. It is a mere accident that his people are uglier than Titian's. His finest works have an Italian beauty of rhythm and spacing, a grandeur of form, which he taught to a few other Dutchmen but which no Dutchman taught to him. He has often been preferred to the great Italians for his superior realism and on the ground

* "Notes on the Art of Rembrandt." By C. J. Holmes. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

that he represented nothing which he did not see. Yet he invented a scenery which he never saw except in Italian pictures or prints or drawings; and he did this, not because he thought that Italy was the proper country for all artists to paint, but because rocks and caves and castles on hills and the massive building of the South suited the conceptions which formed in his mind. Mr. Holmes remarks how in the etching "Christ Presented to the People" Rembrandt deals with "one of those problems in abstract proportion which we admire in the art of Piero della Francesca, where the significance of the figures is enhanced by architectural lines planned with consummate science." The imitative Dutch art of the time was not even aware of such problems. He points out, too, how the figure of St. John, in the earlier "Death of the Virgin," is influenced by the prints of Mantegna, "though Rembrandt with all his skill and sympathy cannot as yet rival Mantegna's power of expressing passionate sorrow."

But it was always the effort to express which quickened Rembrandt's art and controlled its development; and it is this effort, not any desire to imitate either reality or other pictures, which led him to his peculiar simplification both of design and of form, a simplification such as no other Dutch artist of his time attempted. The fact that he was ardent in his study of reality has misled critics and painters alike into mischievous æsthetic heresies. As he was once despised because he did not imitate Italian pictures, so he has since been praised on the ground that he imitated Nature. He had the curiosity of a Shakespeare, a curiosity greater than that of any Italian artist, and sometimes it bewildered him. But with him, as with Shakespeare, curiosity was only a means to an end. It enriched his art with knowledge, but that was the fuel necessary to feed the

steady flame of his spirit. The really imitative painters lose their curiosity as soon as they have learnt to imitate. Indeed, their very aim implies a lack of curiosity. The visible world for them is merely visible, and they are interested in things only as they minister to the pleasure or comfort of themselves or their customers. Dutch painting declined so quickly because it lost all curiosity. There was not enough emotion in it to make it disinterested. The Dutch public wanted representations of its own comfort and prosperity; and when the painters had acquired wonderful skill in providing these it was content. It did not want Rembrandt's experiments and triumphs in expression; it did not even want to be dazzled by the brilliance of Hals. Under the steady pressure of that complacency the influence of Rembrandt died out in the generation after his death, and Dutch art disappeared in the imitation of French elegance.

Mr. Holmes says justly that in the great pictures of Rembrandt's latest period "Nature, so far from being at one with Art, actually might seem to be at war with her, insisting on the accidental, the trivial, the unnecessary, while Art imperiously demanded absolute submission and fidelity to the inward vision." Needless to say, no artist can attain to a clear inward vision without a profound knowledge of the visible world. Just as the great mystic attains to ecstasy only through the fiercest and most persistent exercise of reason, so the great artist becomes a visionary only after a long struggle with facts. Spirit may be clogged by matter, but in this world it can only express itself through matter. There is never a perfect separation of the two or a perfect harmony between them. But Rembrandt went as far as any artist known to us in the triumph of spirit over matter, and Mr. Holmes analyzes for us all the experiments and the

processes by which he advanced towards that triumph. It is not wonderful that he should have made so many etchings and drawings, for in these he had more mastery over matter than was possible in paint. A drawing or an etching can make no pretence of a complete representation of reality. Line is a convention in its very nature and, because of its limited powers of representation, has a greater power of expression. "We do not always remember," says Mr. Holmes, "that art is a music in which the notes can never be more than echoes—and of echoes often the most delightful are those heard far away." The finest etchings and drawings of Rembrandt are like echoes that come from very far—unearthly yet clear, for they are always echoes of reality. Even in his paintings at their best—

Essential things actually become significant through their detachment not only from the meticulous, tangible, practical environment of seventeenth-century Holland, but even from the common air and daylight of our planet. Such detachment has been, and continues to be, the condition of all perfect imaginative art, just as the least breath of it is fatal to perfect realism.

The imaginative artist, whether in mosaic or etching or fresco or even oil paint, makes no pretence of illusion, and, therefore, the spectator does not demand it of him any more than he demands the speech of common life in a lyric. But the less representation an artist gives us the more is he bound, like the poet, to give us his own experience, for his simplifications are only justified if they detach his own experience from all irrelevant fact. Thus Rembrandt, in his etching "Christ Carried to the Tomb," expresses for us the effect which the story of the event represented has had upon his own mind. A hundred different readers of it might be moved by it in a hun-

dred different ways; Rembrandt shows us exactly how he was moved by it. And he has become such a master of nature that he can make figures of his own which are as expressive as music and yet to be all drawn from life. As Mr. Holmes says, he shows us "only the poor faithful *cortège* left alone in a mocking and indifferent world." They belong to no particular age or country, yet they are as real as Tolstoy's peasants, and very like them. Color could add nothing, for Rembrandt tells us all that needs to be told, and any added facts would only weaken the effect by their irrelevance. In this work and in many others Rembrandt has the same purpose and has reached the same stage of development as some of the great Chinese masters of the Sung period. They, as a school, practised that same process of elimination in the interests of expression which he pursued alone; and in the course of it, though they worked with the brush, they were led more and more into pure line and away from that color which has been called the chief glory of their art. But just because the sense of color was always strong in them, they were very sparing in their use of light and shade. In Rembrandt, the sense of color, though not defective, was never predominant. We may guess that he did not see colors with keen delight; we may be sure that they were not for him so significant an element in reality as light and shade. For a realist color and light and shade are one; but the imaginative artist always tends to separate the different elements in reality and to sacrifice some to others. No great artist can be a bad colorist, for bad color implies either some falsity of sentiment or some failure in the handling of the material. Rembrandt therefore did not fail in color, but he subordinated it. In his pictures the most obvious element of reality is usually light and shade, but in all the best of

them light and shade are only a means to an end. Often in his earlier attempts at imaginative painting or etching he made the whole composition by means of strongly contrasted masses of light and shade.

But this contrivance, though effective, is no more suited to the real nature of his genius than the rhetorical poses and gestures which he sometimes imitated from Rubens. His business was not to make pictures by means of any kind of mechanism, by any arrangement imposed upon the figures and objects represented, but to let those figures and objects tell their own story in the simplest possible way. Everything which obviously helps the composition of a picture, whether it be contrasts of color, or of light and shade, or of attitude and gesture, draws our attention to the artist, and raises in our minds a distinction between subject and treatment. This distinction disappears in all completely imaginative art, because in that all the people and objects represented seem to have a relation to each other created by the subject and not imposed upon them by the artist. This kind of relation, wherever it is most intimate and intense, is produced by the artist's emphasis and simplification of form. Even the greatest colorists have borne witness to this fact. Titian himself, in his youth a master of the language of color, labored all his life to become a master of form; and in the great works of his old age, it is form, simplified and emphasized, that creates the peculiarly intense and intimate relation between his figures, color being reduced, as Mr. Holmes remarks, to an almost hueless harmony.

But just as Titian, starting with contrasts of color, ended with this hueless harmony, so Rembrandt, starting with contrasts of light and shade, ended with a more subtle diffusion of them, using them, not to impose a design on

his pictures, but to simplify and emphasize form. And as light and shadow on clouds or far-off hills seem to us to be, not accidents caused by the play of the sun, but features of the clouds and hills themselves, revealing with the breadth and delicacy of distance both the subtleties and the grandeur of their form, so Rembrandt, with his modelling of light and shade, reveals the same subtlety and grandeur in the forms of men. He himself, in the portrait which ought to be in the National Gallery and is in the collection of Mr. Frick, has the majesty of a cloudy mountain or of a great building made more beautiful by all the ravages of time. For his handling of light and shade has this peculiar advantage, that while it simplifies it also emphasizes. It seems to enrich the sense of sight with the sense of touch, here gliding, there pressing; so that the eye grasps as if it were the hand and as if the master himself were guiding it in the discovery of all those secrets which he has discovered. "A sculptor," says Mr. Holmes, "might take any one of Rembrandt's figures (that is to say, from any work of his full maturity) for a model, and make a noble statuette from it." That would be possible, because it is the inner life of these figures that seems to respond to the play of Rembrandt's light and shade, as thought becomes speech in the poetry of Shakespeare's plays. For as that poetry is not a mere ornament of speech but a means of expressing what men in real life leave unsaid, so the light and shade of Rembrandt is not a mere pictorial contrivance but a means of revealing what in reality we do not see. Like all great artists, he addresses himself to the eye, but shows it what it has never beheld. He is a visionary in the true sense of a word often misused; that is to say, one who sees, not more vaguely, but more precisely than other people; one whose eye

has a memory like the memory of a great mind, which, out of the endless flow of experience, grasps whatever is significant to it and forms from that its own conception of life. So Rembrandt, from the endless experience of his eye, formed his own images, and in these his mind reveals its nature and power, as the musician's mind reveals itself in sound.

No other painter of modern times has expressed his mind so completely with so little pictorial machinery. He has not the natural eloquence of the great Italians; as Mr. Holmes points out, he is never a great decorator, and his pictures do not suggest their own surroundings like the pictures of Titian. If he were a poet we should feel that his poetry was meant to be read rather than spoken or sung. His greatest works lack the confident and obvious beauty of an art which appeals securely to an enlightened public. But there is no other European artist

The Times.

who seems, as Rembrandt does, to think in paint, or whose forms, while keeping all the fulness and character of reality, are so expressive of the mind of their creator. Rembrandt made a language of his art as completely as Beethoven made a language of music; and it is the great merit of Mr. Holmes's book that he explains with a very unusual clearness the process by which he gained his command of that language. It is easy to talk at large about the ideas and emotions expressed in Rembrandt's art; it is scarcely more difficult for a painter to discuss his technical achievements; but it is not easy to explain, as Mr. Holmes has done, the connection between the development of his technique and the growth of his powers of expression. His success in doing this makes his book valuable both to artists and to all who wish to understand and enjoy Rembrandt.

"APOLLO SMILED."

Last week we were wondering whether Lord Rosebery was right in wishing to destroy the superannuated book and clear our libraries by a remorseless sacrifice. This week proves him right in one point at least: the difficulty of destruction. Burn a book as you may, he said, it is sure to turn up again; and the meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Burlington House gives him an instance *pat*. It was known that Sophocles had once written a satyr-drama called "The Trackers," or "On the Trail," dealing, not with scalps and the boundless prairie, but with the childhood of a god. For many centuries, we suppose for about fifteen, that play had been lost—destroyed as some may have hoped; and now, sure enough, it turns up again

among a lot of old Egyptian papyri that, we imagine, were used as convenient wrappings for mummies, just as we wrap parcels in newspaper now. If that was so, the ancient undertakers got together a queer mixture of papers for their business. We read of large bits of a "Life of Euripides," of a treatise by Philo on "Drunkenness" (no doubt condemning it), and of the "Shepherd of Hermas," a popular scripture among early Christians. Mixed up in this variegated collection was found the bit of Sophocles—a fragment of about four hundred lines, running to half a jolly farce; or, perhaps we ought to say, a moderately jolly farce.

It is dangerous just now to talk of dithyrambs, satyrs, Dionysus, and the

origins of tragedy. Like "Protection," "Conciliation," and other gentle words, these things have acquired an inflaming power. But, perhaps, without arousing evil passions, we may say that more than two thousand years ago the Athenians used the satyr-drama as a kind of happy ending. To us it seems incredible, but it really appears to be true that an Athenian audience could sit out three tragedies in succession. When that amazing exercise of intellectual and passionate attention was over, and the emotions of pity and terror had been so purged that one cannot suppose a single thrill of either remaining, the Athenians demanded a change. Like the jaded novel-reader, they must have their happy ending, the relief of cheerfulness and gaiety, to send them home in good temper, ready to face the common world. So at the end of the tragedies, just as Harlequin and Columbine spring on the stage when the pantomime at last rings down, out ran Silenus and his satyrs to cheer spirits up. If "Philo on Drunkenness" had then been known they might have profited by it; for their state was far from sober, and for that reason they used to be thought the religious relics of the old vintage festivals in which tragedy was supposed to have originated. Hurrying from that perilous ground, we now only assume that, for one reason or another, there the satyrs were, huddling and fuddling around their old Silenus, and it was their part to worship the god who frees from care by sending the citizens away with a pleasant taste in their mouths.

That seems all very natural. There is a point at which the strain of emotion must be relaxed or shifted, especially when the emotion is merely passive, derived from imaginary representations, and unable to find its proper expression in deeds. We all know the practice of letting an audience or a reader down gently. None but the

very highest of our dramatists and other writers has dared to depart from it and lived. But still it does seem a little strange to us that the very highest of the Greek dramatists should have been compelled to follow this fashion. The poet of the three stupendous tragedies was also expected to write the jolly farce, and we believe the three greatest names in all drama wrote farces as a matter of course. It is as though upon our modern stage—but we search in vain for a parallel. Our most distinguished dramatists seem such *farceurs*, to start with, in comparison with the Greeks, that the corresponding wonder would be if at the end of their farces they gave us tragedy. But let us imagine a theatre in which are represented the most ancient and familiar traditions of religious belief and heroic history. The course of the action is as sacred and unalterable as the Bible stories were six centuries ago. Upon the stage move vast figures of men and women almost divine, known by name to the audience from childhood, magnified by dim associations of ancestral records and ancient poetry, and connected with famous places, which many had seen, and, indeed, could sometimes see from the theatre itself, while at the beginning and end of the play a very god would frequently appear. For the nearest approach to such a drama in England, we must look, not to our Strand or Haymarket, not even to the Elizabethan stage, but to the acting of such a play as "Everyman" in a village churchyard, beside the gray tower, in times when every word of it was believed, and overhead was heaven, and underneath the graves a gulf of hell yawned with fire.

No antiquarian revival can restore to us the secret of the power exercised by plays like that and the Athenian drama. The unquestioning belief, the personal appeal, and the sense of an

intimate but religious bond between the stage and the audience are lost. All this the English and the Greek had in common, but in Athens, in place of the doggerel, strung together by some unknown clerk, and still so charming in its naivete, the audience listened to poetry issuing in perfection of form from the greatest intellects the world has produced. They watched the slow penalty dogging crime, even crime ordained by heaven; they saw noble spirits slowly entangled in the nets of destiny; they were shown the grandeur of the high-hearted rebel, even in the midst of his suffering; behind the blare of warlike triumph, they heard the wailings of human pity, to which even gods are deaf. Not a note of unhappy love, or passionate vengeance, or superb defiance, or the madness that waits on pride, remained untouched. Every vast and universal passion might there be seen depicted, and the words of that passionate utterance were framed in lines which the succeeding scholars of centuries have spent their lives in collecting or restoring as mankind's lasting possession.

But, as they sat, overwhelmed by the emotion of that tragic glory, the Athenian audience felt they wanted something to make them laugh. They called for the happy ending and jolly farce. They liked to be reminded of the old country at times of sunburnt mirth and bubbling vintage. Even in London it would be almost irreligious to drop the harlequinade. And so the great tragedians of man's soul had to raise a laugh as best they could with bloated Silenus and his goat-footed rout. The comfortable belief that the best things in literature survive and the inferior things perish is, unhappily, false. If it were true, we should have no need of Lord Rosebery's warnings and lamentations, for all our libraries would be quite manageable, elegant in their slenderness. But still, it is, perhaps,

significant that only one of these tragedian jokes has hitherto been known to survive. Euripides wrote it, and he got his fun out of the merry old story of Ulysses and the Cyclops. Silenus plays a Caliban overcome with joy at the wineskin Ulysses has brought to the island. The satyrs are the chorus, slaves to the Cyclops, rejoicing at the chance of freedom, with lots to eat and drink. To them enters the monstrous giant, crying his "Fee, fi, fo, fum," and the farce continues like Jack-and-the-Beanstalk, fine business being made out of Ulysses and his Nobody pun. It is all very jolly, and it must have been a great relief after three torturing tragedies. But when we think what those tragedies may have been—let us suppose them some play on the siege of Troy, followed by the "Trojan Women," and the "Hecuba," so as to make a fairly consecutive story reaching the extreme of fear and pity—when we try to imagine the mind of the poet who produced these tragedies, and of the audience who listened to them, and then think of Caliban Silenus, and the giant Cyclops rolling about on the self-same boards—well, of course, it was just the right thing. Those people had a way of being right, and an audience must go away smiling.

If a tragedian had to do it at all, certainly also Euripides was just the right man. Even in tragedies like the "Bacchæ," he can hardly keep himself from brimming over into farce, and the "Alcestis," that tragi-comedy of the conformist conscience, already a screaming satire on marital relations, hardly wants a push to make it a glorious farce from end to end. One feels that Euripides would thoroughly enjoy the established joke of a satyr-drama, and make it enjoyable, too. But Sophocles, of whom all that we know from his boyhood, when for his perfection of shape he was chosen to dance naked at a triumphant festival,

up to his old age, when he gave his celebrated answer upon the advantages of an escape from physical passion—and all that we know also from the poor relics of his hundred-and-thirty plays—reveals a nature reserved and self-restrained, clean, trim, fastidious of form, careful rather than exuberant, a little solemn perhaps, and given to the contemplation of eternal law and gloomy fate rather than to the pity of human errors and complex hearts. In what temper must we imagine so exquisite and refined a poet to have complied with the tradition that demanded one drunken farce to every three tragedies? It is like expecting an annual joke from Milton, whose revelry, even when he tries it in "Comus," is not exactly rollicking.

But Dr. Hunt, who revealed the discovery of "The Trackers" last week, tells us it bears the unmistakable Sophoclean stamp. If that is so, we look forward to perusing the jest with some misgiving. The subject is the old story how the infant Hermes stole Apollo's cows and drove them off to a cave, turning their shoes wrong way round, so that their tracks might seem to lead in the opposite direction. In the Homeric hymn which tells the tale, there is a good deal of fun, especially in the baby god's barefaced lying. There was nothing of little George Washington about that infant, and the solemn way in which he takes his immortal oath to lies that everyone knows to be lies, makes his father Zeus roar with laughter, and might be very ef-

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fective on the stage. That is a fine passage, too, where he asks Apollo if he really looks like a cattle-lifter—"I, who at present am entirely occupied with sheep and mother's milk and napkins and warm baths, for I was only born yesterday." One can imagine Sophocles making a lively scene out of drunken satyrs set on the trail to track the cattle down, sniffing about and barking human words. But when the solution comes, and little Hermes makes his peace with Apollo by presenting the lyre he had just constructed out of cowhide and a tortoise shell, we feel certain that the poet will shake off the farce like dirt, and rise on ethereal wings to hymn the music of the spheres.

At the end of the Banquet, when morning came, a waking guest found Socrates still sober and still talking. He was demonstrating that the poet who is best at Tragedy must be best at Comedy too. It is attractive to think the good brain can be good at almost anything, but we are not sure. For the moment, we can think of only one dramatist who was really first-rate at both. And as to that "unmistakable Sophoclean stamp"—when Horace is describing the same exploit of baby Hermes, he ends with the words, "Apollo smiled." We are afraid the smile was a little superior, and so we might find the Sophoclean stamp on the laughter of a farce. And the worst of a superior smile is that it cannot ever be infectious.

SIR JOSEPH HOOKER.

With the death of Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker departs the last, with one exception, of the mid-Victorians who placed modern science upon its present footing. Alfred Russel Wallace is still

with us, but save for him all the other giants of science, whose work had already become classical when the men who are now in command were beginning to make their first acquaintance

with their subject, are not only dead but beginning to fade into the region of rare recollections and scanty reminiscences.

Born in 1817, Hooker had been a Fellow of the Royal Society for sixty-four years, the stretch of an ordinary lifetime, and so early was his scientific activity that it received the unqualified admiration of Humboldt, a fact which seems to take us far down the scientific generations. In fact, to place him we have to remember that Hooker was a friend of Lyell, who made considerable use of Hooker's geological observations both in the Antarctic and Himalayas, and that with Lyell the modern views of geology practically began. These were the days before the antiquity of the human race had been recognized, when flint implements were still regarded as freaks of creation, and before de Perthés, Prestwich and Evans had established the existence of pre-historic man coeval with the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. Hooker, though younger than Darwin, was more like a father confessor than a friend and critic; his advice was constantly sought and deferred to; indeed, led to the publication of the famous paper of 1858. Huxley belonged almost to a later generation, and the careers of many other great naturalists like Rolleston, Balfour, Moseley and Romanes have been wholly begun and ended within the period of Hooker's activity.

As the son of the leading botanist of his day, Joseph Hooker early found the opportunity of getting into the full tide of science. When he was only twenty-two, and had just obtained his degree, he became naturalist to the famous Antarctic expedition under Ross, and so began that series of scientific travels by which he earned his chief title to fame. The Antarctic was followed not many years after by the Himalayas, where he spent three years

in regions never before traversed by a European, which, indeed, have since remained almost equally unexplored because of the closing of Sikkim to all Europeans by the Indian Government. Another journey of exploration in the Atlas and a long journey in company with Asa Gray in the Rocky Mountains gave Hooker his unrivalled personal experience of the botany of the globe and led to that conception of the geographical distribution of plants and the survival of Arctic floras in mountain areas which has done so much to strengthen the foundation of the theory of descent.

Above all Hooker was a systematic botanist, almost the last of his race in England, for the trend of science has latterly been towards physiology and palæo-botany, so much have the world and its contents been explored and classified. The "*Genera Plantarum*" will long remain his monument in this direction, a permanent tidemark, as it were, to show what had been recorded at the close of the great modern expansion of the world's limits. At one time also Hooker worked at fossil botany, and in this subject, of which the possibilities have only of late years been fully realized, he retained his interest to the end. Indeed, Hooker was fortunate among men in possessing an active mind and a power of appreciating new trains of thought well into his tenth decade, and many of the younger generation of botanists can speak of his kindly interest in their work.

There were giants in the land in those days is the feeling one has towards the men with whom Hooker took station in the great fights which raged round the theory of descent in the early sixties, and it is nowadays rather the custom to deplore the fashion in which science has buried itself in technicalities and ceased, in consequence, to produce great men. Were they really giants or did they only push up

from the high plateau of their age? Will our own peaks stand out equally when the contemporary mists have cleared away? In science, at any rate, the early Victorians had an advantage that can never be recovered: they were the first explorers in an almost virgin country. The man who sails into an unknown sea, charts the new islands and makes the prime contact with the untouched inhabitants can never have his fame displaced. Others may follow, and even unlock the secrets he missed by bringing greater powers of mind or a more efficient method, but the discoverer remains the first down to the end of time. And when scientific method was applied to the whole field of positive knowledge in the early middle of the nineteenth century, quite ordinary men did get a chance of mapping out the first approximations of their science on a scale and with an effect that no successor can rival. Moreover man does rise to his opportunities; stimulus makes for greatness. To ask whether the man or the age was great is as though one were to ask how

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much a man's quality is due to himself or his education—fate or free will; the answer will depend on the prepossessions of the individual. In Hooker's case we have the testimony of those best qualified to know that they were dealing with a master mind. But Hooker's work will not be displaced as are the labors of the physicist or the chemist. Botany is, after all, a common-sense sort of science, not subject to periodic revolutions as men penetrate more deeply into the obscurities that will always veil the nature of matter and force. No; the oblivion that waits on the scientific man comes from the fact that his work is not the expression of his personality but a step in the unweaving of a pre-existing universe. A Parthenon marble, even a coin by Cimon, is as fresh to-day as it was two thousand years ago, as unapproachable by the ordinary man and with as immediate an appeal to the emotions. The man of science may be a master builder, but the design upon which he works is that of a temple not builded with hands.

SIGNS OF WEAR.

[“When anyone finds him- If worrying as to what clothes he shall put on, or what hat he shall wear, or which stick he shall carry . . . he may be pretty certain that for some reason or another his nervous energy has become exhausted.”—*Nerves and the Nervous.*]

Bella, when yester-morning's post
Brought me your charming invitation,
My manly breast became the host
Of an unusual sensation.
You bade me come that afternoon to tea;
So I resolved to knock off work at three.

But so unsettled was my brain
And so demoralized my mind's tone,
I could not, for my life, constrain
My nasal organ to the grindstone:
All day, revolving in my office chair,
I found myself debating what to wear.

First came a trying choice of suits
In *re* My Person *v.* The Weather.
And then the claims of *glacé* boots
As against shoes of patent leather;
An hour or so elapsed ere I could fix
On one of half-a-dozen walking-sticks.

And when, abominably late,
I burst on you in all my glory,
And you appeared disposed to rate,
I spun a most unblushing story:
My love, I swore, had urged me look my best;
And you believed, and hugged my fancy vest.

But, dearest, since I cannot slay
My conscience, with extreme compunction
I must request you not to lay
To your sweet soul that flattering unction;
I own 'tis no affection of the heart
Of which these curious symptoms are a part;

Nor yet a craving to compete
With those who fix the fashion's season;
Elsewhere my trouble has its seat:
If you would learn the actual reason
Of any change in me your eye observes,
Refer, my love, to Thingumbob on *Nerves*.

Punch.

FROM THE DIARY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Baker Street, January 1. Starting a diary in order to jot down a few useful incidents which will be of no use to Watson. Watson very often fails to see that an unsuccessful case is more interesting from a professional point of view than a successful case. He means well.

January 6. Watson has gone to Brighton for a few days, for change of air. This morning quite an interesting little incident happened which I note as a useful example of how sometimes people who have no powers of deduction nevertheless stumble on the truth for the wrong reason. (This never

happens to Watson, *fortunately*.) Lestrade called from Scotland Yard with reference to the theft of a diamond and ruby ring from Lady Dorothy Smith's wedding presents. The facts of the case were briefly these: On Thursday evening such of the presents as were jewels had been brought down from Lady Dorothy's bedroom to the drawing-room to be shown to an admiring group of friends. The ring was amongst them. After they had been shown, the jewels were taken upstairs once more and locked in the safe. The next morning the ring was missing. Lestrade, after investigating the mat-

ter, came to the conclusion that the ring had *not* been stolen, but had either been dropped in the drawing-room, or replaced in one of the other cases; but since he had searched the room and the remaining cases, his theory so far received no support. I accompanied him to Eaton Square to the residence of Lady Middlesex, Lady Dorothy's mother.

While we were engaged in searching the drawing-room, Lestrade uttered a cry of triumph and produced the ring from the lining of the arm-chair. I told him he might enjoy the triumph, but that the matter was not quite so simple as he seemed to think. A glance at the ring had shown me not only that the stones were false, but that the false ring had been made in a hurry. To deduce the name of its maker was of course child's play. Lestrade or any pupil of Scotland Yard would have taken for granted it was the same jeweller who had made the real ring. I asked for the bridegroom's present, and in a short time I was interviewing the jeweller who had provided it. As I thought, he had a ring, with imitation stones, made of the dust of real stones, a week ago, for a young lady. She had given no name and had fetched and paid for it herself. I deduced the obvious fact that Lady Dorothy had lost the the real ring, her uncle's gift, and, not daring to say so, had an imitation ring made. I returned to the house, where I found Lestrade, who had called to make arrangements for watching the presents during their exhibition.

I asked for Lady Dorothy, who at once said to me:

"The ring was found yesterday by Mr. Lestrade."

"I know," I answered, "but which ring?"

She could not repress a slight twitch of the eyelids as she said: "There was only one ring."

I told her of my discovery and of my investigations.

"This is a very odd coincidence, Mr. Holmes," she said. "Some one else must have ordered an imitation. But you shall examine my ring for yourself." Whereupon she fetched the ring, and I saw it was no imitation. She had of course in the meantime found the real ring.

But to my intense annoyance she took it to Lestrade and said to him:

"Isn't this the ring you found yesterday, Mr. Lestrade?"

Lestrade examined it and said, "Of course it is absolutely identical in every respect."

"And do *you* think it is an imitation?" asked this most provoking young lady.

"Certainly not," said Lestrade, and turning to me he added: "Ah! Holmes, that is where theory leads one. At the Yard we go in for facts."

I could say nothing; but as I said good-bye to Lady Dorothy, I congratulated her on having found the real ring. The incident, although it proved the correctness of my reasoning, was vexing as it gave that ignorant blunderer an opportunity of crowing over me.

January 10. A man called just as Watson and I were having breakfast. He didn't give his name. He asked me if I knew who he was. I said, "Beyond seeing that you are unmarried, that you have travelled up this morning from Sussex, that you have served in the French Army, that you write for reviews, and are especially interested in the battles of the Middle Ages, that you give lectures, that you are a Roman Catholic, and that you have once been to Japan, I don't know who you are."

The man replied that he was unmarried, but that he lived in Manchester, that he had never been to Sussex or Japan, that he had never written a line

in his life, that he had never served in any army save the English Territorial force, that so far from being a Roman Catholic he was a Freemason, and that he was by trade an electrical engineer—I suspected him of lying; and I asked him why his boots were covered with the clayey and chalk-mixture peculiar to Hasham; why his boots were French Army service boots, elastic-sided, and bought probably at Valmy; why the second half of a return ticket was emerging from his ticket-pocket; why he wore the medal of St. Anthony on his watch-chain; why he smoked Caporal cigarettes; why the proofs of an article on the Battle of Crecy were protruding from his breast-pocket, together with a copy of the *Tablet*; why he carried in his hand a parcel which, owing to the untidy way in which it had been made (an untidiness which, in harmony with the rest of his clothes, showed that he could not be married) revealed the fact that it contained photographic magic lantern slides; and why he was tattooed on the left wrist with a Japanese fish.

"The reason I have come to consult you will explain some of these things," he answered.

"I was staying last night at the Windsor Hotel, and this morning when I woke up I found an entirely different set of clothes from my own. I called the waiter and pointed this out, but neither the waiter nor any of the other servants, after making full inquiries, were able to account for the change. None of the other occupants of the hotel had complained of anything being wrong with their own clothes.

"Two gentlemen had gone out early from the hotel at 7.30. One of them
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had left for good, the other was expected to return.

"All the belongings I am wearing, including this parcel, which contains slides, belong to some one else.

"My own things contained nothing valuable, and consisted of clothes and boots very similar to these; my coat was also stuffed with papers. As to the tattoo, it was done at a Turkish bath by a shampooer, who learnt the trick in the Navy."

The case did not present any features of the slightest interest. I merely advised the man to return to the hotel and await the real owner of the clothes, who was evidently the man who had gone out at 7.30.

This is a case of my reasoning being, with one partial exception, perfectly correct. Everything I had deduced would no doubt have fitted the real owner of the clothes.

Watson asked rather irrelevantly why I had not noticed that the clothes were not the man's own clothes.

A stupid question, as the clothes were reach-me-downs which fitted him as well as such clothes ever do fit, and he was probably of the same build as their rightful owner.

January 12. Found a carbuncle of unusual size in the plum-pudding. Suspected the makings of an interesting case. But luckily, before I had stated any hypothesis to Watson—who was greatly excited—Mrs. Turner came in and noticed it and said her naughty nephew Bill had been at his tricks again, and that the red stone had come from a Christmas tree. Of course, I had not examined the stone with my lens.

Maurice Baring.

THE SOCIALIST DANGER.

Our observant contemporary, the *Standard*, has devoted a most valuable series of articles to the Red Peril, which examine in turn the various aspects of the teaching addressed to our working classes by the vast numbers of propagandists of all sorts enlisted under the banners of the social revolution. It is perhaps curious that a subject of such gravity appears to receive attention so much below its intrinsic significance and menace. There is too much truth in Lord Selborne's testimony that "Unionists and Liberals alike have failed to appreciate the importance of the movement in favor of revolutionary Socialism or the grim earnestness of those who preach that doctrine." Perhaps it may be the case that the Liberals at all events have not so much "failed" to understand what Socialism implies and endangers as deliberately avoided seeing, because recognition might involve most unpleasant consequences for the party vote, or at all events for the voting strength of the coalition of parties which now simulates the external appearance of a British Government. We might as readily imagine Mr. Asquith drawing attention to one of Mr. Redmond's finest flights of anti-English oratory at a dollar-fishing convention in Chicago as quoting or denouncing even the hottest of Mr. Kier Hardie's or Mr. Belfort Bax's expositions of the advantage of doing away with everything. "Après moi le déluge" appears to be the maxim of the Liberal leadership. If the Socialists will only keep voting for Mr. Asquith's plans during Mr. Asquith's tenure of office, the extent of the ravages wrought by the anti-social and anti-patriotic propaganda among the working classes of the nation will be sedulously ignored by the Liberal Whips

and their employers. As for the difficulties which may have led Unionists to underestimate in times past the serious character of the sap-and-mine processes by which Socialism has spread its views among the present descendants of those English workmen who used to be famous for their obstinate individualism and sturdy and intractable self-opinion, that is a matter which has certainly escaped needful consideration until a very recent period. Perhaps the proud confidence of the old Conservative Party that Englishmen, whatever their misdemeanors, would be English even in their errors, had a good deal to do with the lack of adequate seriousness with which the subject was often treated or more usually ignored altogether. Fourierism and Saint Simonism and Marxism were so conspicuously and malodorously foreign exhibits, that they were believed to be as unassimilable by the British popular intelligence as the fabled diet of "frogs for beefsteak" was felt to be unacceptable to the British kitchen.

The racial cosmopolitanism, as well as the characteristic broad-mindedness of Lord Beaconsfield, enabled him to realize the approach of levelling doctrines more clearly than most of the statesmen of his generation; and it would be easy to compose a selection from his works which would leave few of the modern aberrations of Socialism and Internationalism without an adequate refutation. But it must be borne in mind that the combat which Unionism has had to wage for a generation against the developments of Mr. Gladstone's alliance with Mr. Parnell has played a preponderating part among the causes which have diverted Conservative Englishmen from the study and detection of evils that were

spreading among the masses of the English population. While elementary principles of Imperial unity occupied the minds and the anxieties of statesmen and constituencies, the very foundations of the social order were being undermined by crafty and unscrupulous opponents. Perhaps we owe to the over-confidence produced in all the mass of malcontents with the existing order of society by the first enthusiasm attending the production of Mr. Lloyd George's "panacea" of compulsory insurance the somewhat premature revelation of the extent to which subversive theories have been accepted by the rank and file of the Liberal Party and its attendant coalition. The attempted dictation addressed to the medical profession to become slaves of the omnipotent State on the State's own miserly terms, the related attempt to convert masters and servants into mutual spies and reciprocal tax-gatherers, the threats to punish protestation by "making it worse next time"; the whole of these violent interferences with the traditional liberty of the subject in England acted as an encouraging appeal to the coal-miner, the railwayman, the universal striker, to proclaim the right of confiscation and the duty of anarchy. In the books and journals of the revolutionaries the Commune of Paris and the Republic of Robespierre are habitually held up as the chosen periods in the history of humanity when the highest ideals of the Catilinas were achieved by the violence dear to the red proletariat. The Commune was an attempt to assassinate France in the darkest moment of the German invasion and the national overthrow. The Republic of Robespierre had its symbol, its crown, and its termination in the guillotine.

The brutal intolerance towards minorities and individuals which has covered the industrial firmament of Lan-

cashire with a pall of gloom and desperation is nothing but the spirit of Socialism as it has been stimulated and encouraged by the immunity of union funds from liability, the promotion of intimidation and picketing, and the rest of the bids for the anarchical vote which have marked the return to office of a Liberal Ministry. So long as a single workman has the courage and constancy to work as a free man, disposing freely of his own labor and his own skill, so long are the Socialistic trade unions of Lancashire prepared to stop the business of their employers, to cripple the industry of the population, to hamper the whole country in the competition of the world. Every pretence of "liberty of combination" is flung aside. It is the despotism of combination which defiantly takes its place. Bands of "bosses," the managers and ringleaders of a confederacy of trade combinations, issue an ultimatum to every man and woman who dares to use the human right of labor for daily bread. "Obey or starve." There is the literal and revolting fact. To the employers the ukase is equally plain and equally lawless and brutal. "Cast into the street the free workman, the free workwoman, or we close your mills, your factories, the sources of the population's subsistence and the whole country's prosperity and power." The naked domination of the Socialist principle, the tyranny of the brute majority over free will and free endeavor, is the accepted rule of increasing multitudes of British workpeople, who only the other day would have resented such a domination as the last and worst infringement of human dignity and life itself. There never was anything more outrageously lawless and ludicrous together than the way in which the very idea of a trade-union has been burlesqued and subverted by the application of the Socialist spirit.

Read this definition of trade-unionism as it was still a dozen years ago: "In their essential character trade-unions are voluntary associations of workmen for mutual protection and assistance." Voluntary they must be of obvious necessity, for the freedom to combine implies also the freedom not to combine. Briefly stated, the position is this: Neither employer nor workman has the right to compel another person to do, or abstain from doing, that which he deems best for his own ad-

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vantage. But the Socialist trade-union of our day makes the basis of its position the claim to prevent every and any person from laboring or doing anything whatsoever, except by the command and permission of the Socialist trade-union. To the worker the union says "Obey or starve." To the employer it says "Obey or cease to manufacture." To the whole nation the Socialist union proclaims: "Obedience or revolution." That is the situation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There is rollicking fun in the little book of "Vegetable Verselets" written by Margaret G. Hays with pictures in colors by Grace G. Wiederselm. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) Mrs. I. Wrish Potato, the noble Cabbage Heads, the Mushroom Aristocracies, the Spanish Onion Minstrel, Master Radish, pretty Mistress Spinach and the rest of the heroes and heroines of these gay verselets and comical pictures make a kind of up-to-date and grown-up Mother Goose.

Miss Jeannette Marks, whose charming stories of Welsh life have enjoyed a wide and deserved popularity, is the author of a little volume entitled "A Girl's Student Days and After," which is full of helpful suggestions for college girls and graduates. It is the fruit of some years of experience as a professor at Mt. Holyoke college, and its sound and sensible counsel is admirably adapted to the needs of all sorts of girls,—the ambitious and the careless, the physically strong and the physically weak. Broad in its outlook, hopeful in its spirit, and practical in its suggestions it cannot fail to be a useful mentor to those to whom it is addressed. President Woolley fur-

nishes the introduction. The Fleming H. Revell Co.

"Panama," by Albert Edwards, contains almost everything about that interesting country which the average person would care to know. Not only is the history of the building of the Canal given, but the history of Panama itself, from the days of the early explorers until the present time. With scholarly accuracy is combined an easy, conversational, entertaining style, which lures one from chapter to chapter, and creates a vital interest in the place and the great throng of people and of races who have passed through Panama. The author's attitude is always colored, though never disproportionately, with unfailing humor and sharpness of wit. It is a book of sound information, but is as pleasing in its method as a work of fiction. There are numerous illustrations. Macmillan Company.

Henry Williams's "The United States Navy" (Henry Holt & Co.) is an extremely compact and comprehensive handbook, which supplies all necessary information concerning the organ-

ization and personnel of the navy, the classes of ships which it contains, the explosives which it uses, its relation to the national defense, the strength and character of its armament, and the building of warships. The author is a constructor in the United States navy of long experience who came to recognize the need of some such handbook through the multitudinous inquiries which he was himself called upon to answer. He has prepared the book without any waste of words or flourishes of rhetoric, and has woven into it an account of what the American navy has accomplished, from its beginnings in the engagements of Captain John Paul Jones to the present time. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs.

"John Temple," by Ralph Durand, is an unusually good historical novel dealing with the adventures of an Englishman who in the 16th century was forced to join a Portuguese conquering expedition in Africa. This attempt, headed by Francisco Barreto, was unsuccessful and so has been neglected by history. The author shows interesting old chronicles and makes a romance which is readable and apparently historically correct. The galleon was wrecked and the survivors had a long and terrible journey afoot before they could reach help. That, however, was only the beginning of their woes, and the book continues with Temple's later dealings with the savages of the Zambesi. A beautiful and unprotected lady whom Temple befriends, loves, and marries is an attractive character, and there are many other clearly characterized types of the period. There are some extremely well imagined bits of description, particularly of life on board the vessel and of the storm and wreck. The Macmillan Co.

A discussion of the possibilities of success, that ought to reach and ennoble

the struggling young men and women who read it, is "The Eight Pillars of Prosperity" by James Allen. The writer takes high ground at the outset declaring frankly that "The moral virtues are the foundation and support of prosperity as they are the soul of greatness." While he emphasizes, wisely, the ethical and spiritual success as more desirable and more real than the mere possession of money and place, confessing that he who in himself is free does enjoy the larger liberty; he emphatically declares that those who desire the things of this life will best attain them while treading the path of righteousness." While he emphasizes, wisely, the ethical and spiritual success as more Sincerity, Impartiality, Self-Reliance. The writer is an Englishman and the treatment of the subject as well as the view of life is frankly and strenuously Anglo-Saxon. The essays are clear and straightforward. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

A strange book, a mixture of Hindu transmigration and the nature story at its most realistic, is furnished by H. Rider Haggard in "The Mahatma and the Hare." It is an autobiography inside an autobiography; for the supposed narrator starts off with a vivid account of how he became a believer in the transmigration of the soul and how he used to steal up to "the great white road" and watch the souls of the dead march past. Many spoke to him and reminded him of friendships in former lives. One night a hare came by and told him this story of a creature who had lived on the plantations of an English Squire and been hunted in all possible ways by the old Lord and his son Tom. From the hare's view the thing is unspeakably cruel and no arraignment of the brutal sports of English "gentlemen" was ever more eloquent, more virulent, more just. The hare's story is exquisitely presented. The

pictures are unusual and reminiscent of Aubrey Beardsley at his best. Henry Holt and Company.

Surely to Joyce Kilmer and his slim book of lyrics, which he calls "A Summer of Love," could be well applied the words a great critic wrote over another American poet. "No puissant singer he . . . yet one who leaves his native air the sweeter for his song." One feels in the poet the possibility of greater things than he accomplishes. He touches with a graceful, momentary hand the little things and all the while there seems in him something deeper, subtler, more interpretative of life than these vibrant fancies over which he lightly flutters.

The blade is sharp, the reaper stout,
And every daisy dies.
Their souls are fluttering about—
We call them butterflies.

Verse like that shows the poet's admirable technique, his lightness of touch, and his lightness of subject too. He will doubtless rise to nobler things in the coming years. The Baker and Taylor Company.

"The Call of the Carpenter," by Bouck White, is an attempt to view Jesus from the standpoint of economics. It is diametrically opposed to the usual and orthodox view. The author, feeling that the two most pertinent facts of the present day are the rise of democracy and the decline of ecclesiasticism, seeks to offer a solution in spiritualizing industrialism, and in giving religion an industrial note. The interpretation of the gospel narrative is made on an economic basis, and attempts to prove that the mission of Jesus was to awaken the working classes to a sense of self-respect and spiritual

values, and to organize them against the tyrannical capitalism of Rome. In the crucifixion, according to Bouck White, there is nothing but the narrative of the death of a dangerous labor agitator. In the later Romanizing of Christianity, the author sees the reason for its decay and failure to make good with the men who need it most. It is a bold piece of work, written with conviction, and it succeeds in making Jesus the most interesting figure in all history. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A book of singular open-mindedness, written by Prof. Theodore Flournoy of Geneva and translated and shortened by Hereward Carrington is called "Spiritism and Psychology." The author attempts to hold his judgment on an even balance, neither accepting anything that has not been proved nor rejecting anything which has not been disproved. He succeeds. While accepting telepathy and kindred phenomena with the simple matter-of-factness with which the majority of Continental scientists do accept them, and flinging a word of scorn at Prof. Munsterberg and his American disciples for their a priori rejection of everything they cannot understand, the Geneva savant distinctly refuses to admit any proof of communication between the dead and the living. He feels that every instance can be explained on a natural basis. The translator, still irritated over the exposures of his beloved Eusapia Paladino, begins with an angry preface and, while giving an admirable version in every way of this great work, betrays his bias by condensing when the Professor comes out strongly against "Spiritism," but leaving a most able and extended defence of Eusapia unabridged. The book is well worth reading. Harper & Bros.